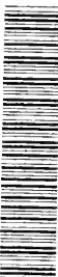
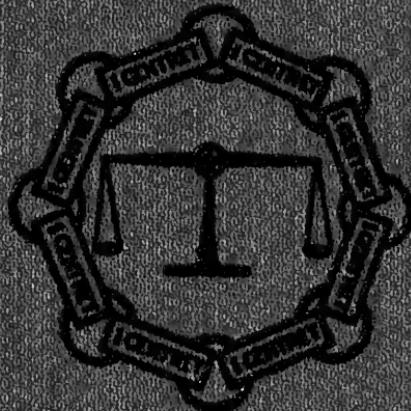


# THE MAKING of a MILLENNIUM

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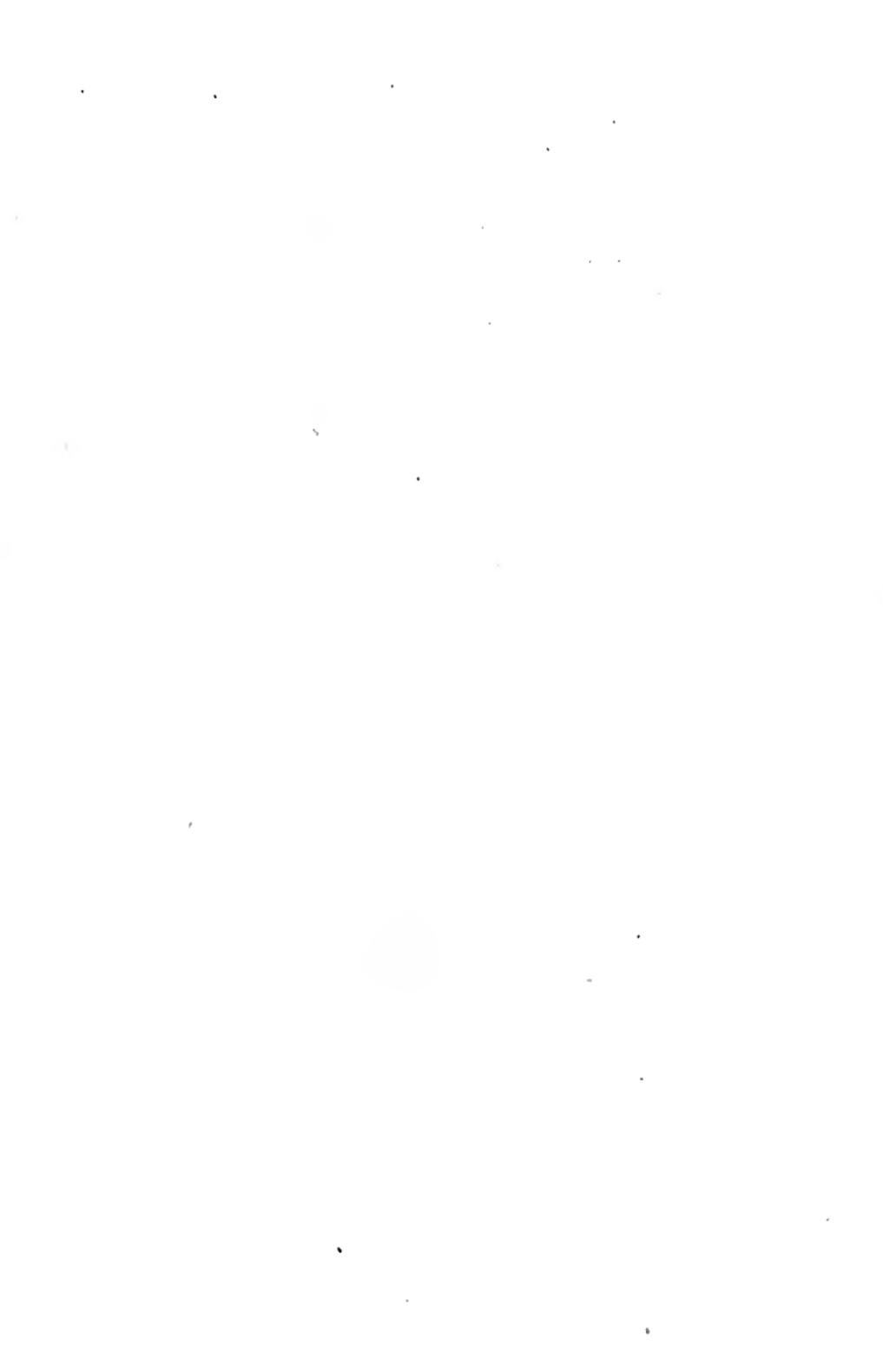
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# *The* Making of a Millennium

The Story of a Millennial Realm, and Its Law.

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By FRANK ROSEWATER.

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"They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat."—ISAIAH, LXV., 22.

"Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them that have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."—JAMES, V., 4.



CENTRY PUBLISHING CO.,  
OMAHA, NEBR.

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“ \* \* \* \* would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact \* \* That Truth and Justice alone are capable of being ‘conserved’ and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is not according to God’s Law, will you, in a God’s Universe, try to conserve that? It is old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought you, of all others, to be in to let it grow no older! \* \* hasten for the sake of conservatism itself, to probe it vigorously, to cast it forth at once and forever if guilty.”—Thomas Carlyle.

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“We shall never win for our Master the allegiance of the strong men of this world until we show them that he has the power and the purpose to rule the shop and the factory and the counting room as well as the church and the home.”—Rev. Washington Gladden.

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“ \* \* \* You are not true soldiers, if you only mean to stand at a shop door, to protect shopboys who are cheating inside. A soldier’s vow to his country is that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her anyway challenged or endangered honor. A state without virtue, without laws, and without honor, he is bound not to defend; nay, bound to redress by his own right hand that which he sees to be base in her.”—John Ruskin.



THE ROBERTS PTG. CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

## PREFACE.

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While identical in purpose with Socialism, the system on which this story is founded is nevertheless so much at variance with it in diagnosis as well as in the remedy to be applied, that a separate name was regarded appropriate, and adopted. Attributing capitalism to the fact that under the division of labor attending all advanced states of industry, the consumer and producer are helplessly severed, and in consequence subjected to repellent and predatory influences, the proposed system, called Centrism, mends this unfortunate breach by supplying a medium through which to unite them. This medium is a currency required to be given in acknowledgment of patronage to all consumers, and constituting orders on trade or jobs, all of which are thus conserved exclusively for the consumer, as the sole creator and owner of them. The exclusion of the non-consumer from all industrial opportunities, as well as from the competition for them, at one and the same time establishes a true ratio of supply and demand, correct values, and a just distribution of wealth. Instead of eradicating private property, Centrism thus extends its sphere so as to include property in jobs,—the exposure of which to predatory rapine being the well spring of capitalism.

To the great truths brought to light by socialistic doctrines, as well as to lessons derived from the American protective system, the author is especially indebted, as stepping stones leading to the ideas embodied in Centrism.

In picturing *Temploria* as an ideal realm, there was no intention of dogmatic insistence upon this particular form of construction, the aim being merely to display some of the possibilities of Centrism in contrast with prevailing industrial conditions.

F. R.

Omaha, Neb., December, 1907.



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The Modern Prometheus.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Millennial Secret.

“ \* \* \* foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.”  
—Shakespeare.

“Property in *jobs* as well as in products is the corner stone of our millennium,” declared Grandpa Zeke. “Upon this rock of justice is planted the temple of our industrial state. This crowning glory, property in jobs, sheds upon our hearths the light of peace, the spirit of progress and the joys of prosperity. Our millennium is indeed so wonderful, I can only hint the fullness of its blessings; but if you'll bring your chairs nearer, I'll tell you more about it.”

The few hours transpired since our arrival in this realm had been one round of great surprises and amazing visions; the reader may therefore imagine the eagerness with which we responded to the patriarch's request.

“Our blissful state of prosperity,” the venerable speaker resumed, “is due entirely to the fact that we recognize the consumer as the sole *creator*, and therefore the sole *owner* of jobs. We not only conserve his jobs for him, but by excluding the non-consumer from the competition for jobs, we enable him to secure the freeman's wage—the *full product*.”

“A capital idea!” exclaimed Joseph Carson, formerly a steel magnate, from Philadelphia. “It

is certainly a striking departure, differing from anything I ever heard of. But how in the world do you parcel out your jobs so as to distinguish the consumer from the non-consumer? ”

“ We make the consumer prove his claim, ” was the response, “ through the payment of *centry*. Oh, I forgot to say, centry is a currency we use in acknowledging the receipt of patronage. It is given to the buyer—one centret for every dollar he parts with. ”



A Templorian Centret.

“ The centret is an order on jobs—an order in fact, on any trade or patronage, ” explained our host, Robert Manoah, a son of Grandpa Zeke, “ just as a dollar is an order on commodities or services. Under Centrism, you see, we never part with one dollar without receiving a handle to the next. We don’t regard a dollar as honest, if it fails to fulfill this obligation to the consumer. We consider the cycle of trade too sacred to be violated; for trade must go on; it must keep pace with the ceaseless hunger of human want—a perpetual cycle of need,

to supply which Nature has amply provided for. There is a God-made union of wants and means, which only man's ignorance and avarice sever; and it is against the severance of this sacred bond that Centrism aims."

"Indeed, I have heard it said," interposed Mrs. Robert Manoah, "that outside of Temploria the consumer is given no claim on opportunities, and he is even told that,—coming as a consumer,—he must have previously had his opportunity. Such stupidity! It was like telling a starving man that since he was still alive, he must have had food last week, and therefore should now go without food. With such idiocy dominating the fundamental laws of their system, what wonder their lofty ideals so often proved to be a mere mask of villainy."

"The freedom with which the circle of outworld trade could be broken," resumed Grandpa Zeke, "was a caution! If a cloud of mistrust passed over the land, everybody at once became a non-consumer, thus cutting the cables of trade at all points and wrecking its mechanism, till starvation and riot filled the land with horror. The license permitted in cutting the life chords of trade formed a terrible weapon in the hands of the selfish and unscrupulous. It was a power to exile men from industry—to starve, to kill, and between such yile alternatives to plunder men—a piratic power, placing at the helm of state the skull and cross bones of unrestrained vandalism. Thanks to Centrism, such horrors are unknown in Temploria. Here the circle of trade is never broken, and no man must ever remain idle."

"Begging your pardon, my dear sir," ejaculated the former steel magnate, "I really fail to see

it in that light. In my country any one can get work, whether he has centry or no."

"Quite true, quite true;" responded the aged Templorian, "but of a kind, that slaves get such a plenty of—on mere subsistence terms. They get *slave* work, but not freeman's work—at the full-product wage. What you referred to as getting work without centry was in reality being kept out of one's job—out of the freeman's full-product work—dis-employed—and only allowed the alternative of either starving or slaving. In reality you had to work two days without pay as the price paid for each day allowed to work wholly for yourselves. Was that anything less than slavery?"

"I see how it works," exclaimed Doctor Remington, who had been an eager listener. "When jobs are given exclusively to consumers, the jobs never run short—the consumer always creating a labor demand proportional to that he supplies with his labor. The non-consumer, on the other hand, *creates no demand*—merely exhausting the supply of jobs and trade, and depriving the consumers of jobs rightfully belonging to them. Not only this, but by their unwarranted participation in the competition, they cause a spurious disparity between supply and demand, and a short valuation of labor, that both robs and enslaves the consumer. As I see it, the intrusion of the non-consumer is in effect a burglary of the consumer's opportunities and a concurrent plunder of his wage. One might equally as well break into the consumer's house and carry off his valuables."

"The situation, "said Robert Manoah, "suggests to me a bound Prometheus—a helpless Titan,

whom the blade of abstinence has exposed to the devouring greed of innumerable parasites from within and vultures from without. The wide gap it has ripped between consumer and producer has drawn between them the breed of multitudinous grafts that leech industry and against whose greed the *employer himself is helpless*. What is the employer? A mere puppet in the fierce whirlpool of trade. Is it not clear that the employer is taxed with grafts in the hire of capital, in rents, in the carrying of credits, in the cost of materials, in the cost of securing trade, and in a thousand lesser forms—for all of which he, as a middleman, is obliged to either tax the consumer and reimburse himself, or else get out of business?"

"I trust no one will misconstrue Centrism," explained Grandpa Zeke, "as opposing the accumulation of wealth. Far from it. It aims not to check savings for future use, but rather to encourage them by the removal of all unjust impediments and all extraneous influences tending to dispossess men of their wealth. A man may save without becoming a non-consumer, provided he keep within the limits of his own present or future use of things, acquiring his own home and his own share of operative wealth. Such wealth is not capital, nor does it abridge the privilege to accumulate on the part of others. But when men place no limit to their accumulations, forestalling the opportunities of others and either indirectly, in the guise of investment, lending their surplus to the depleted multitude, or making direct loans of money, for the sake of profits, they are capitalists, and to that extent also non-consumers—economic vandals and robbers."

"Capitalism, no doubt, involves grave abuses," Mr. Carson apologetically remarked, "but what system is faultless? And who will dispute the inestimable service it has rendered industry?"

"Every brigand delivers an inestimable service," responded Grandpa Zeke, "whenever an ab-



An Inestimable Service.

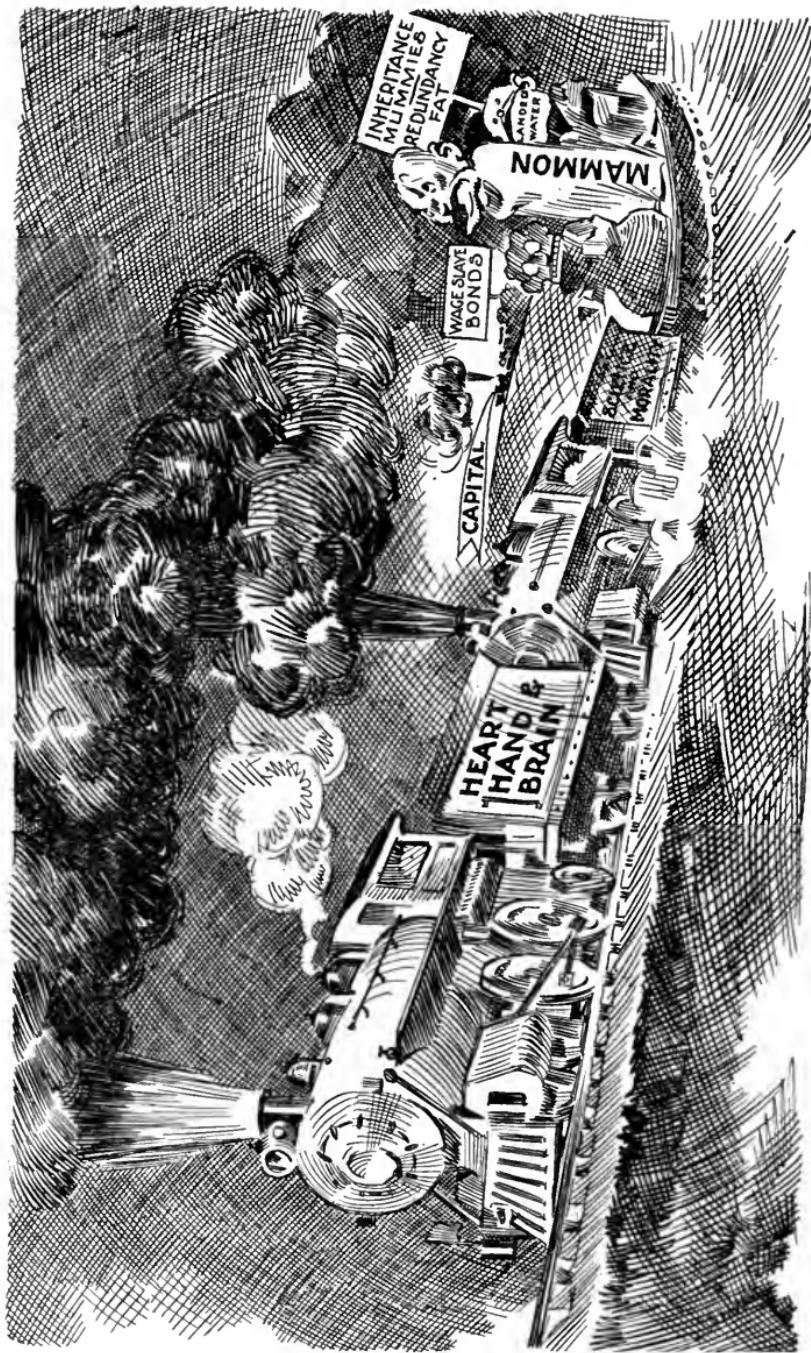
ducted child is restored to its mother. The question of *his authority to abduct* is nevertheless pertinent. No one questions the service rendered in allowing men to slave in preference to starving; but I fear there are some who will question the authority on which the poor man's opportunities are abducted and withheld for ransom. Yes, and a worse form of ransom than brigands are accustomed to exact; for capital merely *lends* the abducted child, requiring a

return, after a period doubled in number. The welcomed return of an abducted child should not be construed as a glorification of abduction.”

“A greater brigandage than capitalism,” added our hostess, “were unimaginable. Extending from the dim ages of the past, its insidious rapine has ever been widening the gulf between rich and poor and injecting into the body of society the most repellent and hideous forces—wars and rebellions, riot and corruption, in every form—all the bitter fruits of hate and malice, of greed and envy. Its brazen abstinence, like the claws of a mighty beast, have rent the industrial world into bleeding fragments and poisoned its blood with festering sores.”

“In comparison with capitalism,” resumed Grandpa Zeke, “Centrism is as the light unto the darkness—its very antithesis. Instead of repelling consumer and producer, and in their helpless separation subjecting them to an ever-increasing infliction of predatory rapine, Centrism *closes* the gap between consumer and producer, causing trade to spin in one continuous round of consuming and production—an unbreakable chain of industrial activity, in perfect harmony with the ceaseless and unbounded hunger of human want. There are no uncertain notes in her trade—neither hysterics nor paralytic strokes—nor the froth and foam of delusive wealth that betray and misapply efforts. Every latent energy is liberated and directed to effective service, through the searching eye of its *unfettered* demand.”

“What a grand engine,” exclaimed Robert Manoah, “is the unfettered demand of Centrism. What a power it wields, with every living energy



The Train of Progress.

resurrected and brought under full steam; with all her mechanism in full accord and harmony, and relieved of all parasitical impediments and superfluous burdens—all the drags and pullback influences of capitalism. Compare this with the irrational crankiness of the engine of capitalism, whose



A Sad Predicament.

source of power—abstinence—is repellent, discordant, paralyzing—a very ripsaw of industrial anarchy. See all its unabsorbed surpluses of redundant product injected between the wheels of the industrial mechanism, impeding it everywhere and jarring its every fiber. Look at its vast burdens of idol wealth—the gods of mammon—deadutilities that tax the blind worshippers with sacrifices of enormous energy. Against all these impediments have

the forces of heart and hand and brain,—the spirit of science, art and morality—to strive, in pushing onward the train of Progress; and what speed this train has ever made, whatever distance it has conquered, has been in spite of the retarding influence of this backward-pulling engine of capitalism—this ditcher of nations and slayer of men.”

“It seems to me,” declared Richard Burton, a Boston labor leader, “as if opportunity might well be compared with a horse in the hands of the horse-thief, who—being now mounted—enslaves the dismounted owner of the horse through this advantage he holds over him; and afterward he perpetuates his mastery through the whip of short demand, in his hand.”

“In my mind’s eye,” remarked Mark Oswald, a St. Louis socialist, “I can see King Capital as an ‘Old Man of the Sea,’ with his bloated paunch of redundant wealth, and with his iron limbs clutched around the slender-shanked Sinbad of industry. Poor Sinbad! I can see him staggering and reeling with his overwhelming burden and his unbalanced supporting limbs. I can see the awkward contortions of those uneven limbs—the lengthy limb of supply and the abbreviated stump of demand, frantically lunging in all directions in their difficult task of reciprocating to each other. What a devil’s own march they lead our industrial Sinbad—now dragging heavily and anon floundering madly in spasmodic zeal, and half the time laying him flat on his back in the mires of depression, paralyzed with uncertainty or bathed in the blood of revolution or war. Following his steps like a haunting shadow stalks the ever-present Ogre of Abstinence, paternal



The Industrial Sinbad.

ancestor of the King, hacking with his uplifted axe of non-consuming, slice after slice from the stumpy limb of our staggering Sinbad. What hope that crippled industry will ever be able to walk erect or keep out of the hell-ditch of depression, as long as that one-eyed fiend is permitted to follow, axe in hand, in his wake—hacking and hacking at his short-demand limb, depleting his blood, and paralyzing his energies as the years roll by.”

“The more I think of it,” ejaculated Doctor Remington, “the more I admire the surgery of Centrism. How beautifully it seams the gap between consumer and producer. There is no blind tugging and tearing at the wound. There is no delusive shifting of the sphere of disease. It goes right to the source, in the foreign wedges of abstention—those malignant tormentors and tyrants that attack the living tissues and pester and distort the growth of the industrial body with their life-sapping and corruption-bred tumors. Centrism, by the expulsion of these venomous intruders from the befouled system, leaves Nature undisturbed; and the wounds of industry, thoroughly cleansed, simply close and heal themselves.”

“The system impresses me,” added Miss Helen Oswald, Mark’s sister, “as an admirable scheme to keep money in circulation. I’m satisfied it must prevent hoarding and make the exaction of usury impossible.”

“Centrism prevents usury in any form,” responded the venerable Templorian, “whether as investment profits, as land rents or as plain interest—that is, when evasion through capitalistic investment is effectually prohibited.”

"I fail to see why such investments should be regarded as evasions," the Philadelphian remonstrated. "Are they not preferable to money hoarding?"

"That is very true," was the prompt response, "but because one evil is preferable to another is no reason why it should be desired. The mere use of centry will prevent money hoarding; so that evil is out of the question. Capitalistic investments, however, are another form of hoarding—*property-hoarding*—and if licensed, it were equivalent to allowing the makers of these investments to derive centry on the strength of consuming done by others. It is the occupants of buildings and the users of the products of factories who are the REAL *consumers of these properties*, and not the investors or owners. The owner is merely the servant and agent of the consumer—the consumer both *using* and *paying for the wear of* the properties—and being debarred from possession for want of the full measure of opportunity as well as of his rightful earnings. Prohibiting capitalistic investments is simply a way of protecting the consumer in the possession of the investment opportunity belonging to him as actual user of of the property."

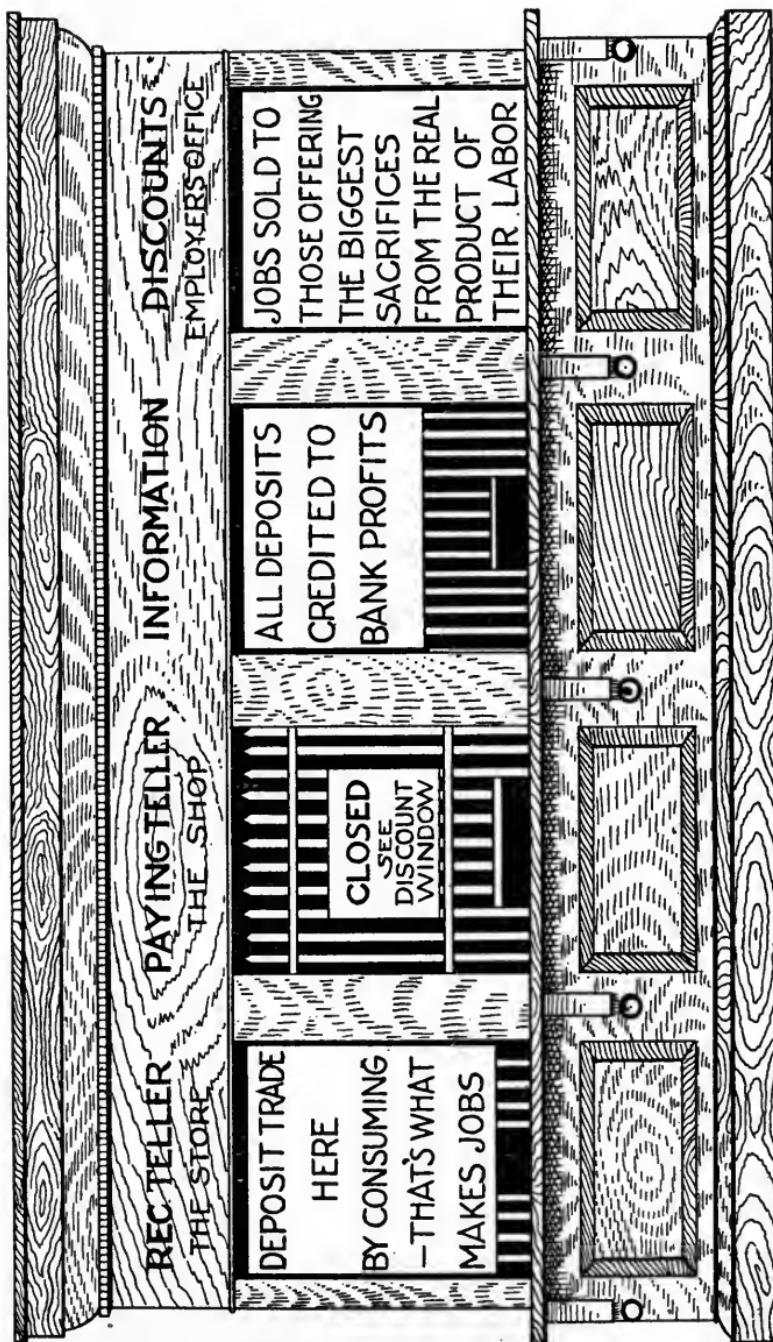
"Patronage deserves a better reward than smiles and courtesies," concluded Robert Manoah. "It is a sad reflection to note how the outworld workman will content himself with smiles for his patronage while his children starve at home with frowns and beatings added to their hunger. Thank heaven the industries of Temploria constitute an honest job bank. Here every consumer is regarded as a job depositor and is given centry as his deposit

slip; and through these he can draw at will on the general job supply as one would draw on his own bank account. The jobs are sacredly conserved for the job depositors—the consumers—no non-consumer being permitted to draw on them any more than a non-depositor would be permitted to draw on the deposits of any honest bank. Our industrial sys-



Smiles for Patronage.

tem is not a mere trick bank like the industries of capitalism—always open to receive the trade-creating, job-producing patronage of the consumer, and always *closed* to drafts on the jobs. The great captains of its industry lack the supreme wit by which to seize the entire job deposits and exploit them under a 'free' competition open to every non-consumer, to be had only on such terms as ancient prisoners accepted for the privilege of living—slavery—bare subsistence."



Great Industrial Trick Bank.

"It's the old story over again," remarked Mark Oswald, "in which the powers of the people entrusted in the hands of the monarch for purposes of government are feloniously appropriated and the State becomes 'Me.' In the case of capitalism it's the *industrial state* that is paternalistically swallowed and becomes 'Me.' "

Our hostess here announced a brief intermission for refreshments; and thereupon, flourishing aloft a dainty wand—evidently as a signal—the room suddenly responded, as if by magic, passing through a wonderful metamorphosis and merging by degrees into a veritable fairyland. The surrounding objects now appeared to be bathed in the most gorgeous hues, due to a network of radiant wires overhead from which were suspended innumerable prismatic crystals, whose refracted lights frescoed the ceiling in dazzling splendor and draped the more distant walls with weird hangings of flickering shadow tints. In an apparent space back of the shadowy hangings, dim figures seemed to be whirling in a slow waltz to the faint echo of deliciously sweet music.

A trio of charming young women, being presented by our hostess, waited upon us with remarkable grace and tact. They were accomplished entertainers and deemed it an honor to serve in a capacity requiring so much art; for the service was interlarded with varied entertainment, embracing songs, recitations, toasts, short addresses, and often original sallies, sparkling with wit and of surpassing excellence. The following ballad, "The Mermaid's Plight," was one of these:

Alas, for my mermaid's necklace!  
 I have lost it in the sea;  
 Its pearls are scattered far and wide—  
 They are lost forever, to me!

“Your very life is in these gems,”  
 Said the sibyl who gave them to me;  
 “There's lasting health in every pearl—  
 But death, if they part from thee!”

Some wizard hand from far away,  
 Across the trackless sea,  
 Hath cut the cord that bound them;  
 He has severed them from me!

I shouldn't have placed the slightest trust  
 In the hollow film of faith,  
 But a fiber of firmest substance  
 Should have sought from some sea wraith!

In tears, I now wait by the sea shore,  
 For my pearls to come back to me;  
 But the dreary waste gives no answer,  
 Save the chilling blasts of the sea!

A pall of darkness, like a shroud,  
 Comes creeping o'er my soul;  
 I feel the icy hand of death;  
 I hear my death knell toll!

O heed my words, ye workmen:  
 Prize not your jobs so slight,  
 Lest some day ye should lose them,  
 And be left in the mermaid's plight!

Your jobs are all precious as pearls,  
 As bread, and water, and breath;  
 They are the doorways to life;  
 They bar the entrance of death.

And there's many a wizard waiting,  
 'Long the byways of the land,  
 To sever the cord that binds them,  
 And snatch them from your hand!

Quite long ye may wait by the sea shore;  
 In vain bemoan your loss;  
 But nary a pearl of a job  
 May e'er return from across!

It's only a thread of faith,  
 By which job pearls are bound;  
 It's the merest freak of chance,  
 If ever a lost pearl's found!

So seek ye the stout cord of centry—  
 A cord no wizard can break—  
 And hold fast your necklace of jobs;  
 Upon these your lives are at stake!

A comic recital closed the intermission, leaving us in a happy mood—the three graces having in the meanwhile vanished, during the transition of the room to its former appearance.

It was indeed a land of the millennium into which I had drifted—owing to a peculiar chain of circumstances, of which more will be said hereafter.

Rescued by the noble efforts of my host, Robert Manoah, I had spent the best portion of my first day in a long nap; and refreshed in the evening, I was agreeable surprised by a visit from a body of rescued shipmates whom I had regarded as lost when the Falcon went down on the night preceding. How glad I was to embrace my kind friend, Doctor Remington, and to meet his companions—foremost among whom was Captain Clark the former commander of our ship. The remaining members of the party were Mark and Helen Oswald, Richard Burton and Joseph Carson, of whom mention has already been made; Miss Lydia Carson, a daughter of the steel magnate; and Mrs. Jane Luzby, a progressive young club woman hailing from the windy city.

The Manoah household comprised three generations, of which Grandpa Zeke, a well-preserved octogenarian, was the patriarch; Robert and Mary Manoah, our hosts, were next in lineage, and the two young daughters, Ruth and Ray,—the latter away on a brief absence—completed its membership. They were all so uniformly genial, and Mrs. Manoah was so pleasant and informal in her manners, that I felt from the start very much as if I had been one of the family returned after a prolonged absence. Even little Ruth, a daughter not yet in her teens, clung to me as to an elder brother.

They had so much to tell—so many features of their wonderful realm to explain—and there was so much they were anxious to learn concerning the latest affairs of the “outworld”—as everything outside of Temploria is called,—that our tongues were kept busy without apparent cessation; and it was not long before they elicited from me the story of the strange incidents through which I had been brought into this realm.

The entire family, including little Ruth, listened to the narrative with bated breath, while Grandpa Zeke fairly went wild over one incident in which an eloquent young woman had exhorted a body of workingmen to lay aside their strifes and jealousies over the available jobs, advising them rather to increase the number of these—even if they had to compel the capitalist to spend all his surplus wealth. “God bless the good woman,” the venerable patriarch exclaimed, overjoyed that outworld workmen were beginning to have their eyes opened. “It’s just those additional jobs that have emancipated labor in Temploria.”

Then he began telling me all about economic conditions in this realm, picturing a land that was little short of a grander paradise. It was a place where the lion and the lamb could indeed lie side by side with perfect security; where each husbandman could sit as it were under his own fig tree; and where the sword had been veritably turned into a pruning hook. Here the warp of work and the woof of pleasure were interwoven into a beautiful idyl, and perennial peace reigned in the midst of great activity and progress. There were no vultures here to snatch the bread from the mouths of little ones.

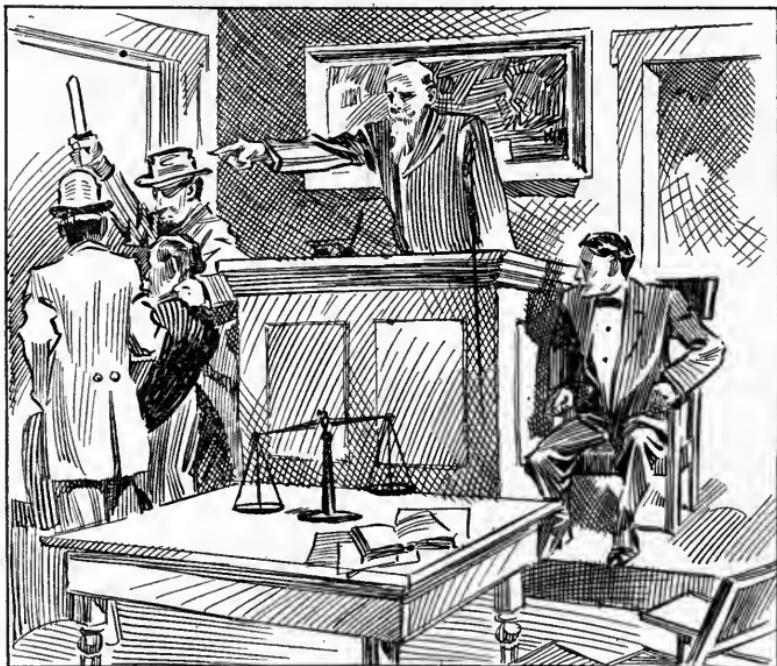
There was no specter of starvation to haunt, and no cloud of insecurity to darken, the home. The sun of opportunity shed his rays of warmth from the industrial sky and inbued with marvelous energy every faculty and organism of social and individual life.

It was a land of prodigious wealth—*wealth*,—not the disease-infected and distorted organs of production and shelter held as loans to the enslaved multitudes. It was all owned and controlled by individuals, subordinate to wholesome law, and operated through voluntary co-operative organizations whose elected representatives constituted the government. Everybody was free to produce and accumulate all the wealth he pleased, provided he allowed the same privilege to others; and it was because no abstainer could rob him of employment, and forbid him to produce, that labor was here industrially as well as in all other respects free. Capitalism, the parent of a thousand tyrannies, was dead; and freedom breathed a purer atmosphere.

The intermission over, it was not long before the conversation again reverted to the doctrine of Centrism; and Captain Clark, who was a staunch advocate of freedom of trade, confessed a difficulty in seeing why the time-honored “supply and demand” value scales, *without interference*, should not be good enough for all the purposes of industry.

“Your attitude reminds me—” Grandpa Zeke replied, with a long drawl, as he drew himself up in his chair, “it reminds me—of an incident my grandfather often alluded to, occurring in the good old days before he landed in Temploria.

“In the little village of Powaska down in old Connecticut, lived a thrifty merchant whose store was the only one within a large radius. Honest John did a thriving business,—doing so well in fact, that he finally had to send to Hartford for an extra clerk.



Unperjured Testimony.

“The clerk speedily arrived, a young fellow full of business, and ready to manage affairs from the very start. He had scarcely got into harness though, before the two had a fight. It was all on account of Honest John’s ideal scales; and from abusing each other over it with hard words they were soon battering each other with hard fists, until the neighbors parted them and they were brought up before the village squire.

“Squire Jones sat in austere majesty, listening to their successive recriminations; and being unable to arrive at any conclusion, he ordered the scales to be brought into court. They were placed before him; and thereupon, before the eyes of the entire village, the trick was exposed and John not only rebuked, but ignominiously dragged from the room and hurried to the county jail.

“The scales had testified for themselves. They had spoken an unperjured testimony. At a point about one inch from the center was visible the stain of rust, indicating where the beam had rested all these years. Its pounds had been over an ounce short. The silent testimony of the scales had convicted him.

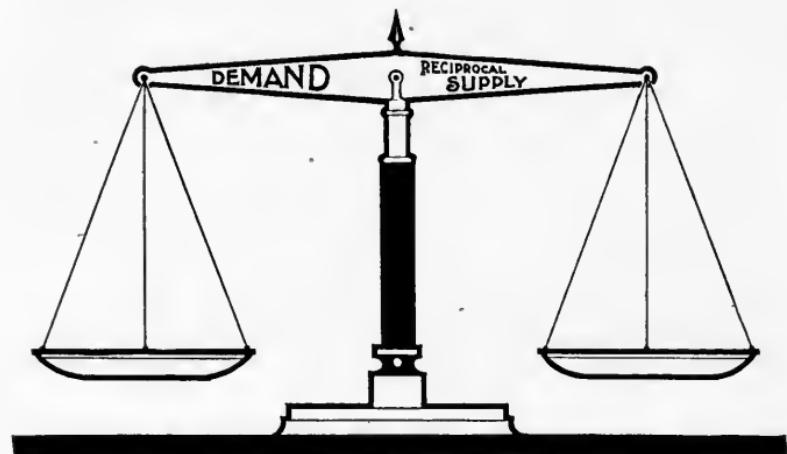
“While his customers had been in the habit of riveting their eyes upon the scale pans, the falsely centered beam had been indiscriminately cheating them all.”

“I don’t see what this scales had to do with the outworld supply and demand value scales,” protested the unconvinced free trader, after the speaker had finished.

“It had this to do with it,” responded the story teller: “that the adjustment of the supply and demand beam in your outworld value scales is subject to tampering and *is* interfered with by thousands of Honest Johns; for it rests a great deal further from its center than did John’s cheating scales.”

“I don’t see anything wrong in the fact that supply and demand vary,” protested the Captain, “what’s to determine values if there’s to be no fluctuation?”

"Fluctuations of value," retorted the Temporian, "relate to particular forms of demand or supply, but not to the total supply or total demand, neither of which are subjects of valuation. The total supply, in fact, being a response to and correlative of the total demand, should never exceed it. Like the ends of the beam, the total supply and the total demand should be neutral—always balancing. *Cen-*



The Templorian Wage Scale.

*trism, keeps the supply and demand beam perfectly centered; and from this service it derives its name.* Its values denote the relation one service bears to another; whereas the capitalistic scales register merely the minimum share of the product that labor will consent to accept as its wage—a result quite remote from value. It's like putting a man into a press and measuring his height by seeing into how short a compass he could be squeezed. The fact that the license of abstention permitted indefinite shortening of the demand or lengthening of the supply arm of the beam, gave it a cheating capacity ten times as great as the scales of our 'Honest John.'

The truth is, it scarcely gave to labor a quarter of its real value."

"If it delivered a mere quarter of labor's value," ironically remonstrated the Philadelphian, "what do you suppose became of the other three quarters? Did it remain upon the scale pans?"

"One would think something remained on the pans," responded the venerable Templorain, "the way all the agencies of outworld commerce scramble and scuffle for control of the weighing. What stays on the pan is the gross profit, the bulk of which is wasted in your scrambling and scuffling to do the weighing. Between what you put into the creation of vastly redundant and superfluous business capital and into the hire of whole armies of men to uselessly fight for trade with grip and sword, and the hazards you have to assume in this tooth and nail struggle, what you find in the pan is after all a gilded delusion! In spite of all your desperate efforts to gather trade, you stir up only froth and foam,—the bulk of trade remaining latent—stifled by your abstentions. You cannot make the goddess of trade sing by throttling her; nor can you kill her children and revive the corpses with all your armies of trade-patching surgeons."

"It's just as we socialists have always contended," remarked young Mr. Oswald. "We have always regarded the outworld supply and demand value scales as a sort of 'Honest John,' although its mechanism has never been so fully exposed as under the lime light of Centrism. Surely, no better cheating device has ever been imposed upon a credulous humanity. Take off your hats, all you gamblers—with your marked cards, loaded dice, wheels of fortune, green goods and other gold bricks; and all



I Told You So.

you short-weight grocers and coal men, you long-priced ice men, you short-measure hucksters, and all other petty practicers of larceny; come one and all of you, and make your obeisance to this king of cheats. What are all your pilferings in comparison with a wage scales that pares wages down to a mere quarter of the workingman's production, and makes him feel thankful, to boot, for this rescue from starvation.

“And all you free voters whose liberties confine you within the necessity of accepting with thanks the thin slices doled out to you, I pray you, paint on your banners of prosperity the image of this historic and world-famed wage scales—this badge of your equality, as industrial slaves.”

## CHAPTER II.

### The Quest of Labor's Knighthood.

“Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.”—Milton.

The startling revelations embodied in the gospel of Centrism clothed with deeper significance an incident immediately preceding my advent in this realm, in which this doctrine was vaguely foreshadowed.

Assigned, as a reporter on one of the newspapers of the American metropolis, to investigate certain labor troubles, I happened early one June morning, just before sunrise, to be sauntering in the vicinity of the East River docks, when I fell in with a compact body of workingmen silently forging their way through the darkness. A moment later, accompanied with derisive shouts, a shower of missiles came whirling by—passing fortunately over their heads.

With a crowd of incensed union men directly in their path, the sturdy fellows nevertheless kept right on, until a pitched battle seemed imminent.

At this critical juncture, as if risen from the very bowels of the earth, the apparition of a seemingly tall woman appeared between the opposing forces. The sun had meanwhile come out, piercing the mists with his shimmering rays, and adding no little to the startling effect of the intervention.

"My good friends," the woman began, addressing the rival forces, "why is it you are here, arrayed one against the other—brother against brother, workman against workman? Why are you facing each other in this hostile attitude? Is it not because of a scarcity of jobs, and that one set or the other



The Peace Maker.

of you must be condemned to idleness? Is there any other cause for your hostility?"

"Not much." "No!" and "You bet not," were among the numerous replies spontaneously proceeding from a score or more of lusty throats.

"Then, my friends," the fair speaker resumed, "if there are only thirty jobs to be had for every hundred men, will scrambling for them make a single job more, or net you any better return, than would

an amicable rotation in their apportionment? With each man assured his share of work would you not stand in a better position to command a just wage than united to be engulfed in perpetual strife? Remember it is the lone traveler who has to surrender his purse.

“The mightiest arm, however, to protect you, my friends, is that of a *full demand*—the call of *a hundred jobs for every hundred men*.

“You are all consumers, are you not? And as consumers, are you not also job makers? Are you not day after day creating jobs? Yet you never ask what becomes of them. Is it not time you asked? Are you so prosperous that you can afford to take thirty jobs in place of a hundred? Can you afford to confine your struggle merely to the thirty jobs, completely losing sight of the other seventy? I tell you, it’s the other seventy you want—the full demand of a hundred jobs for every hundred men. Secure the full demand, and I warrant, you will be able to command honorable terms as well as the full wage.”

“Take my advice, brothers,” she resumed after a lengthy pause during which she was cheered to the echo, “consolidate in amicable distribution of the available jobs; and spare no efforts to acquire the other seventy. To secure the other seventy is the *real* quest of labor’s knighthood.”

I do not recall the exact drift of the words used by this eloquent woman in further expatiating with her auditors, but well I remember the solemn earnestness of that pale face, and the sweet, sympathetic tone of her appeal to their fellow feeling and their sense of duty. I also remember the nice precision

with which she reasoned to impress on them the necessity of compelling the capitalist to spend his income, regardless of profits—even his principal—until there was work for all. Even granted the capitalist's principal had been honestly earned, every dollar of it represented an amount of opportunity shared in excess of what had been due him as a consumer, and the restitution of this opportunity was asking but mild justice. The quest of labor's knighthood was not fulfilled in a blind and bitter strife for the thirty jobs ordinarily available, but in securing the other seventy.

It was this call for the other seventy jobs that has ever since impressed me as a genuine forecast of Centrism; and the bitter strife over the ordinary thirty seemed a perfect counterpart to the fatuous contentment of buyers with the fluctuating pans of the capitalistic wage-scales while blindly tolerating the grossest deviations in the position of its beam.

Its short-demand, abridged through capital-breeding abstentions, represented the very jobs charged as missing—the other seventy. These comprised opportunities non-productively applied in the creation and operation of grossly redundant enterprises, and production of a redundancy of profits—all of which was like fruitless pyramid building—slave work.

The calm earnestness of this woman inspired a reverence and awoke in the breasts of these men a hope that was almost divine. They drank the words from her lips as if they had been sent from heaven; and in their frenzy of admiration they would have kissed the very ground she trod. Both

factions were affected alike—the germ of fellowship, like a divine spark, welding their hearts.

It was an impressive scene to behold the erstwhile foes now mingling in brotherly communion—fervidly grasping each other's hands as they buried all past animosities and began procedures toward sealing a more permanent bond of peace.

In the midst of this happy scene, the fair orator mysteriously vanished; and all I could afterwards glean from desultory remarks overheard was the fact that her name was Margaret and that she was a settlement worker residing in the vicinity.

So thoroughly had I been absorbed in this dramatic incident that I had failed to discern the approach of footsteps from behind until, startled by the cry of "scabs." I turned, and behold a second body of union men were almost upon us. In a moment the air was thick with flying stones and clubs, and a heavy blow upon the back of my head was my last recollection of the incident.

Upon recovery of consciousness I found myself laid out upon a couch in the quarters of Doctor Remington, aboard the steamer Falcon—on its way to the Phillipines. My wound had been carefully dressed, and apart from a long gash, consisted of a slight fracture of the outer portion of the bone at the place where I had been struck.

I had very fortunately been discovered by the ship's steward, more dead than alive, doubled up in a cask that had evidently been smuggled aboard as an easy way to get rid of an incriminating "corpse."

On the day following I was obliged to undergo a slight operation for the removal of a splinter from the battered portion of my skull. I still recall the

peculiar anesthetic used and the heavy drowsiness it occasioned—conjuring up strange yisions in which I was carried through the region along the East River wharves, where I again beheld the hostile labor forces prepared to spring at each other like enraged lions. The scene changed, and a great parade swept



A Great Parade.

by, composed of squads of workingmen bearing banners inscribed, "A Hundred Jobs for Every Hundred Men." "Give Us the Other Seventy Jobs," "Compel Capital to Compete," and "Short in Jobs, Short in Wages." Many of these bodies were singing as they marched along—their songs all appealing for the other seventy jobs. One began in this way:

"With thirty jobs to a hundred men  
 The bogey men have got us—  
 A lot of slaves, to work for them  
 On terms as if they'd bought us.

Then the chorus chimed in :

"Oh the bogey men, the bogey men,  
 The bogey men have got us—  
 A flock of geese, to feed and pluck,  
 To deceive, and to besot us."

Another jingle frequently repeated ran :

Only thirty jobs,  
 Only thirty cents,  
 On every hundred!  
 That will never do:  
 Someone has blundered;  
 We want what's due,  
 Full measure true,  
 We want the hundred!"

Many days must have elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, and already I was congratulating myself upon the prospect of soon being permitted to go at large about the vessel, when I was one night suddenly aroused by a violent jar that pitched me out of my bunk. The way the vessel groaned and creaked, I looked every moment to see her timbers part. Surely, something dreadful had happened. Our ship must have struck a reef.

Not a moment was there to lose. In less than a jiffy I was dressed and had burst through the cabin door, to be greeted by a weird and uncanny spectacle. Was I awake or only dreaming? Upon the deck, wherever I chanced to gaze, ghastly corpses lay—their glassy eyes staring vacantly at the obscured skies. The sight filled me with terror.

Scarcely had I regained self-possession after this shock, than a peculiar odor assailed my nostrils,

and my attention was also drawn to a sort of lustrous mist hovering over the vessel.

The extraordinary appearance of the mist, coupled with a vague sense of stupor I felt coming over me, aroused my suspicion; and thereupon it flashed upon my mind that this shroud of mist was in reality a poisonous gas. What else could have produced all these ghastly corpses? Thanks to my close confinement, my life had thus far been spared. No wonder the vessel had run upon a reef!

I realized at once it would never do to remain aboard. The open sea was a more welcome spot than this sepulcher. Hurriedly donning a life preserver, I rushed to the vessel's side, and without a moment's pause, I leaped into the foaming depths.

It proved a lucky move, for I had scarcely collected my senses, after the plunge, than the ship started to list sternward. Then followed a vicious lurch, and she sank before I could as much as catch my breath.

For the first time now, floating helplessly upon the billows of an unknown sea, the awfulness of the calamity dawned upon me; and with no help in sight, my heart sank within me.

Far off upon the horizon I soon after discerned the dim outlines of a great city; and this vision, faint as it was, kindled new hope in my breast. It had an invigorating influence, neutralizing much of the numbing effect of the immersion. My hopes were further heightened when a pale streak of light in the east signaled the approach of day.

Short lived, however, were all my hopes; for no sooner had the momentary excitement subsided

than the deadly vapor was again in evidence. There was no escape from its tightening clutch. Steadily, steadily—in spite of all resistance—my senses were becoming numbed and my faculties absorbed in a sweeping vision that raked over the pettiest details of my past career, from childhood up. I seemed to be sinking into a dark abyss, which I fancied the approach of death, but from whose yawning depths I was fortunately extricated, as the reader is already aware, to awaken under the generous care of the Manoahs.

## CHAPTER III.

### The City of Red Cross.

“Come, bright improvement! on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!  
Thy handmaid Art, shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.”

—Campbell.

As in a dream, my first week in Temploria flitted away—one swift succession of astonishing revelations. It seemed as if, held in a spell of witchery and wonder, the whole world had been completely transformed—all former criterions shattered—and the new, with bold audacity, defying every sense and challenging all preconceived ideas. Eye, ear and soul were ravished with its endless charm of novelty and wonder.

With what fond delight I still look back upon the haleyon days of those wanderings, accompanied by the Manoahs, among the novel institutions and delightful rendezvous of this wonderful city of Red Cross. Above all shone the buoyant spirits of the lithe Templorians, in whose radiant light the cloudy moodiness of my outworld soul was revealed to me as never before—and almost obliterated from the first consciousness of this contrast.

Aside from the remarkable charm of these people, I was at every step and turn delighted and amazed by strange devices, wonderful appointments, miraculous tricks and numberless inventions—many revealing secrets in Nature seemingly incredible. The tracings of art in a thousand and one forms, and



in types of exquisite subtletry, greeted the spectator's eye upon every side—all lending their happy mood towards enlivening a city that was far more than beautiful.

Imagine a series of parks—long parallel streaks of brilliant foliage, extending for miles across the entire length of the city—flanked on either side, at uniform intervals, with groups of stately edifices—back of which lay nestled clusters of red roofed cottages that checkered the rich landscape like dots of coral reef.

There were seven of these leafy avenues, called parkways, running a mile or so apart; while alternating between and occupying half the intervening territory were six long vistas known as farmways, devoted to truck farming, poultry raising and more or less dairy produce.

Bisecting the ribs of alternate parkway and farmway, like a mammoth spine, a great shopway crossed the city at a right angle to the other ways. Parked like the other thoroughfares, the shopway, —as might be inferred from its name,—was faced on either side with tiers of stalwart factories, mammoth power plants, monster warehouses and a great variety of additional structures—all mighty buildings, clean, odorless and throbbing with the rumble and buzz of industrial activity. Everything about these places was suggestive of the highest excellence —especially the safeguards to life and limb, the facilities for light, ventilation and temperature regulation, and in fact all devices that enhanced the health and security of the inmates. Even the walls and ceilings were in most places decorated to in-

spire a feeling of cheerfulness among the operatives, to whom this was a home during working hours.

In the heart and center of the city was a great square known as the Grand Temple, within which were located assembly halls, theaters, art galleries, libraries, the City Hall and Hall of Justice, Central Postoffice and Bank, Inter-Urban Depot, All-Temploria Rotating Museum, and many other structures of lesser importance. They were all detached, fire proof buildings—no Moloch being permitted to erect his altars here for human sacrifices. Neither were there any sky-scraping shafts to be seen, lifting their heads as if to reproach the heavens with land stinginess.

Let us now return to the parkways. Taking a glance at one of these verdant avenues, in addition to the imposing array of beautiful and symmetrical edifices, the eye is everywhere feasted with glimpses of tall monuments, statuary, images of man or beast in natural posture and in natural colors—carved lions quenching their thirst from limpid pools; crouching panthers peering through the thick foliage; sighing lovers in sequestered bowers; and here and there a stalwart woodman cleaving the huge trunk of some arborial monarch. There were also beautiful glades and antiquated groves from whose midst the warbling notes of feathered songsters rang, blending with soft strains issuing from innumerable automatic instruments concealed among the shrubbery. Glistening fountains and thousands of lesser sprays moistened the surrounding verdure and cooled the atmosphere, while scores of fantastic pavilions afforded rest and comfort for the weary; here and there were also plots of ground devoted to

outdoor games and exercises, all combining to enhance the extraordinary attractiveness of these thoroughfares.

Passing through the full length of each parkway, hidden underneath a series of diminutive hedges, lay a double track of rails sunk in a bed lying a trifle below the way level. Over these tracks sped a continuous succession of noiseless carriages, impelled by some invisible power, and making regular stops at the queer little marbled passenger stations fronting each of its residence groups. The ground level was exclusively devoted to passengers, while a subway underneath was used as the avenue for the conveyance of freights.

Penetrating all the parkways as well as the shopways, every shop and residence in the entire city is made accessible to the lines; and the farmways and inter-urban lines are also brought in direct touch with the system. The lines did all the transportation within the boundaries of the city, carrying passengers to all places and distributing parcels and freight to and from all quarters—all of which was done at a surprisingly low cost. Beasts of burden and private vehicles were utterly superfluous; nor were they permitted. For this reason there were no streets having exposed surfaces to gather and disseminate dirt and filth and to spread disease. Those desiring to indulge in pleasure drives started on their tours from the numerous garages and stables scattered on the outskirts.

Without being a city of either millionaires or princes, Red Cross possessed a beauty and attractiveness peculiarly its own, heightened incomparably above any outworld city by the uniformity of

its excellences and the absence of any slum districts to detract from it,—like a filthy kitchen attached to a palace.

The parkways, constituting its principal thoroughfares, were faced on either side by groups of buildings called "temples," the residents of which were united into one social body enjoying therein a delightful, semi-communal home life. The finest edifices of the temple fronted the way—usually the club house, temple hall, hotel and restaurant and the parcels and postoffice station. Back of these stood several scores of detached residences supplemented by the infant nursery, kindergarten, hospital, library and reading room, museum and art gallery, bath house, gymnasium, light and power depot, heating and cooling house, and other features varying in different temples.

Without departure from the strictest privacy of the home, the communal life of the temple provided a healthier field for development than could have been furnished under the isolated roof—even supplemented by the earlier prototypes of church and tavern, with their mental and physical stimulents, which in the temple are supplanted by mental and physical exercise.

How conveniently the communal features of the temple supplement the individual homes with reserve accommodations for guests and visitors, in the event of sickness, or under any unusual draft upon its resources; and what superior facilities it affords for either social or business gatherings, which do so much to vitalize all human activities. Through the co-operation of the restaurant the family may at any time reinforce its menu, supply entire meals, or al-

together dispense with separate kitchen; all temple service is at cost, its labor minimized and its table supplies, mostly brought fresh from the farmway adjoining, secured at trifling outlay—there being no intervening superfluity of middlemen to deal with.

Finely equipped reading rooms and libraries, connected with the Grand Temple library through a pneumatic tube, were accessible in the temple. The rotating art gallery and museum, whose exhibits periodically circulated from temple to temple, exerted an educational and refining influence rivaling that of the libraries. Even the club,—among a people uniformly educated and pursuing their studies in groups all through life,—combined with its pleasures the intellectuality of the French salon, in which the most fascinating subjects and vital topics were discussed.

Classes and associations of various kinds for both amusement and edification met daily in the various halls and kept the atmosphere impregnated with the spirit of progress.

The temple hospital, situated in a secluded portion of the grounds, occupied an intermediate position between the general hospital and the separate homes. Here, during hours designated by the physicians, especially during convalescence, patients were allowed to receive the visits of their friends and loved ones.

There were nurseries also at which infants and children of tender age could be left at intervals, which was a great relief to the mother when other duties demanded attention.

It was particularly in the communal features of the temple that much of the superior wealth of this

realm was manifest. Under the communal roof also much of the leisure, droned away in the outworld in either wasteful overwork or unprofitable idleness, was applied to the pleasures of refinement and culture.

“One thing I can’t get used to here,” said I one morning at breakfast, “is your total absence of streets. This parked environment seems too dainty for an outworld barbarian. It reminds me of the restraint I felt as a boy, every time I had to don my Sunday clothes.”

“I suppose you’d rather wade in mud and filth, with the dust flying into your face and soot and cinders falling all over you,” my hostess naively remarked, laughing heartily at my odd notion.

“Is it true, Mr. Rusk,” little Ruth furtively asked, “that your first outworld streets grew out of cow paths? I heard that many of them were formed like fishhooks and ramshorns. I heard also that some were so narrow as to permit neighbors to shake hands from opposite balconies.”

“We had such streets, my dear,” I answered, “in the more antiquated cities; but they were very scarce in America.”

“America may have emancipated herself from crooked streets,” her father retorted, “but not from the lengthiness of the magnificently superfluous distances her land greed has imposed on her. Her tax payers may well groan at the five-fold cost of improvement taxes, cartage, freights, railroad and street car fares, delays and inconveniences—all bitter fruits of land greed.”

“Would you believe it, Ben,” my hostess followed, “that our entire temple system is supplied

with a dry, well-lighted and ventilated subway containing all our pipes and wires, and enabling us to reach our car stations in bad weather without the slightest exposure. We get along without those—what do you call them?—those spreading cloths used in the outworld to ward off the rain—those—those—?”

“Umbrellas, I suppose you mean,” I suggested.

“Yes, yes, umbrellas. We never see them here—except in the museum.”

“Your city is a perfect Zion,” I declared. “Where is another outside of Temploria that can be compared with it? Where else do parks take the place of streets? Where else does the iron roadway supplant all the private vehicles and the beasts of burden,—its carriages gliding noiselessly from station to station, and connecting every home in the city with every other home? Where else is the delivery of all freights and parcels so quietly and unostentatiously carried on, and moreover so easily attended to? Where else are building operations so handled as not to disturb or blockade the roadways; and where else are the building materials so conveniently and economically brought to the spot? Where, also, does the door to the home open into the broader parlor of communal life, with all its varied resources for amusement and edification? The same home faces the gaiety of the parkway and the rural charm of the farmway. With the choicest facilities of a great city focused in the temple, you breathe the unsullied and crisp air of the country and partake of its products unstaled by middlemen delays and laid down at prices untainted by the curse of

waste and profits. Why, even the educational value of blending city and country thus is a priceless pearl.

“What a broad roof also the temple system forms. Extending throughout the remotest parts of your realm, it forms a single roof for all—a shelter for every soul. With all towns and cities threaded together by means of the inter-urbans and all railroad fares as well as temple service at cost, the divine spirit of brotherhood may well be said to accompany one everywhere. One feels here as if one’s country and one’s home were identical,—literally God’s country. What with the glorious boon of Centrism, which keeps the doors of employment always open and one’s purse always filled, your innumerable attractive features fairly make my head swim.”

“I am delighted, Ben, at your appreciation of our temples,” my hostess remarked. “Perhaps it will be of interest to you to know that all the land of which our farmways are composed covers no more space than what your outworld cities put into streets. These tracts are a clear saving to us. Isn’t it strange outworld people should be so thoughtless in the disposition of their lands while holding them at such enormous valuations?”

“From a Templorian standpoint,” her husband remarked, “your outworld cities wouldn’t be regarded worth ten cents on the dollar. They’d be compared to obsolete machines that are only fit for the junk pile,—once the up-to-date machine is ready for installation.”

“You would hardly class such cities as New York, Chicago, or London among the worthless ones, would you?” I asked.

“Being of abnormal growth,” my amiable host replied, “they will all some day have to undergo a change and gradually pass away, as did the antediluvian monsters. Remove the abnormal conditions in which they are at present rooted, and with the cessation of further growth, a process of disintegration will begin,—emigration and deaths slowly decimating the ranks of their inhabitants until only walls remain to monument their pristine glory.”

It seemed hard to believe, yet who will deny the power of economic law, which inexorably moulds and shapes all industrial institutions. By imperceptible degrees these cities would succumb to the same wizard touch that turns all flesh to ashes.

Breakfast over, my hostess escorted me to the parlor, to expose the mysteries of the remarkable transformation I had several times witnessed in the appearance of the rooms. Lifting an obscure curtain covering a small aperture in the wall, she displayed to my view a diminutive apparatus on the face of which were a dozen or more buttons, three of which she simultaneously touched, when lo and behold. I could scarcely believe my eyes! The room had been suddenly converted into a smiling orchard whose drooping boughs were dotted with innumerable rosy-cheeked apples. Another combination of buttons was touched, and lo, a dream of palace halls encircled us. A third adjustment transplanted us in the midst of a strikingly dramatic scene taken from a famous historic trial. Scene after scene were thus presented in rapid succession, each instantaneously and completely transforming our surroundings.

Among other odd features was a peculiarly constructed apparatus known as a sightophone. By its

use one was enabled simultaneously to see and hear at long range. Calling up a sister in a distant city, my hostess, after giving me an introduction, withdrew. The young lady, a bright-eyed brunette, smiling graciously, requested me to be seated in the chair beside her—an offer I gratefully accepted.

“How do you like *Temploria*?” she inquired, blushing deeply, while I stared in a sort of dumb amazement, finally stammering a highly complimentary response.

“I’m glad you like it here,” she responded, extending her hand in an endeavor to congratulate me.

Joyfully I reached out to grasp her proffered hand, but to my chagrin I merely clasped a shadow—the shadow of a hand some forty odd miles away.

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Rusk,” returned the beautiful apparition, with an air of repentance, “I quite forgot in my delight that I was merely looking upon an image. I trust you will forgive this unintentional deception. At another time—I hope in the near future—we may clasp hands in person instead of merely in shadow. I’ll have May bring you along the next time I have her up—and for the present, I’ll not detain you longer. So adieu! Adieu!”

Her disappearance was as sudden as her coming, but it left behind a pang,—a sense of strange lonesomeness that lingered in my mind like a haunting dream.

That night, while deplored the necessity of burying so many of my former ideas, Grandpa Zeke advised me not to worry about them. “Let the dead bury the dead,” said he.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Youthful Wage Earner.

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!"

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!  
—Tennyson.

It was a red letter day at the house when Ray, a sister two years the senior of little Ruth, returned after a fortnight's absence on a class tour through Aurosia, a district in southern Temploria. Her entire class, accompanied by their school mistress, had been away on their Spring quarterly, observing Nature on farm and in forest—botanizing, visiting industrial temples, sketching and taking occasional snap shots.

These trips were a splendid reinforcement to their everyday training, besides imbuing their future studies with a living interest. They provided not only a delightful recreation but also an invigorating influence.

Wherever the little folks went they were cheerfully welcomed and entertained, finding in the temples at which they stopped as congenial homes as those they had left behind. Reared in the broader home of temple life, enjoying the companionship of classmates, and charmed with constant novelty they were never known to become homesick on these excursions.

Miss Ray had a winning way about her, and soon had me absorbed listening to the varied details

of her itinerary. Aside from her own observations and experiences, she had gleaned quite a store of information from contact with children hailing from other parts of the country.

From her I learned some interesting facts relating to the country lands. These were kept in large reservations circumscribed by temple-lined parkways on which were threaded, as it were, innumerable towns and villages, with now and then a city. The cities, though composed of aggregates of temples and parkways similar to those of Red Cross, were not all laid out after the same fashion,—many omitting the farmways,—but invariably retaining the main characteristics, especially the parked streets and the exclusion of private vehicles. The interiors of these reservations were each devoted to some special branch of agriculture, stock raising, forestry, fish culture or other pursuit requiring either more room or other conditions than were available on the farmways.

Smooth and substantial roadways encircled these spacious fields—great speeding courses,—separating them from the outer circle of inhabited parkways. On these courses, upon days set apart—when ordinary driving was prohibited,—they had their races and maneuvering exhibitions, upon which occasions the myriads of shaded stands and benches along the route would be thronged with joyous spectators.

Fine roadways also traversed the inner lands, connecting all parts with the rapid transit lines that traversed the outer circle of parkways. This enabled the products of the field to be transported on

power vehicles to the respective shipping stations, and thence to reach all parts of Temploria.

“Now tell me something about the outworld,” Mr. Rusk,” the little maiden pleaded, after she had become tired of talking. “Tell me something about the itineraries your classes made when you went to school?”

“Itineraries, my dear girl,” I ejaculated, “why, we never dreamed of such luxuries. We felt quite fortunate to have an annual picnic, of one whole day, at the most.”

“That was too bad! Why didn’t they let you have them for a week or two at a time as they do here?”

“You’ve heard why Jack didn’t eat his supper, I suppose. Well, it’s for the same reason we had no itineraries. They were quite beyond our means. You must remember, my dear girl, there were no temples over there with such fine accommodations and such low rates. Nor had we decent railroad facilities for such itineraries,—our trains coming and going at hours altogether unfit for youthful travelers.”

“Papa says these roads were badly managed, because the men in control made them subordinate altogether to profits.”

“There is no doubt, Ray, that outworld profits doubled and trebled all costs the moment we crossed our thresholds; and heaven knows we had skimping enough at home.”

“That must have made your home a sort of prison. I don’t wonder so many of your boys tried to run away. I heard about them.”

"I once tried that myself," I admitted, "and I found it like jumping from the frying pan into the fire."

"It's just as Papa told me. In the smaller towns you had no hotels able to accommodate one of our classes, and in the larger places the irregularity of the patronage occasioned such hasty cooking and such noisy clatter in the service, it was enough to produce indigestion."

"You were fortunate in being born here, Ray," I remarked. "But how about poor children, especially in large families—they surely can't afford these luxuries!"

"That don't make a particle of difference," the little miss replied. "School children earn wages here, and the more there are in the family the more they can afford to spend."

"You don't mean to say, Ray, that school children are obliged to work here," I exclaimed, perfectly astonished. "I'm surprised at such a thing,—in this land of prosperity."

"Why, of course we do," she expostulated with an injured air, glancing reproachfully at me. "You think perhaps going to school is play. If it isn't doing any good, what's the use of going? Our people view early training in the same way as we do the planting of trees which may be years before yielding any fruit. It's just like planning—the beginning, and often the most important part of the work. If you don't pay children in the outworld for their school studies, it's because you're too poor, and for that reason never thought of it. . Wouldn't I like to go to school there! Work till you're tired out, and never a penny for all your trouble! Instead of get-

ting money you often got whippings,—just like slaves!"

"Don't cry, my darling," I urged, observing the tears in her eyes. "You must bear in mind that the outworld is very dull in some matters; it is civilized, I admit, but far from being humanized."



Sympathetic Tears.

A light suddenly beamed in her tear-stained eyes, and I thought I discerned a mischievous twinkle.

"I know why they don't pay their school children," she resumed.

"Why, my little breadwinner?" I responded.

"Because they had nothing left after paying grown folks for their studies."

“Paying grown folks! What do you mean by that?”

“Oh pshaw, you know. Grown folks studied all sorts of schemes for making fortunes, and Papa says fortunes were only respectable robber castles. When a man had a fortune he didn’t have to work, while everybody else had to starve and work extra to make up for it; such men could dispense favors, and were courted and flattered like princes. These men studied merely how to scoop up everything that wasn’t held down by iron clad law, and with the lever of money to pry loose even the iron bars of law, as fast as enacted. They studied the art of *gathering* wealth, not producing it, and the question of right or wrong or whether any good was being done never troubled them.”

“But everybody had the same chance, didn’t they, Ray?” I asked.

“Oh, Mr. Rusk! Do you believe that? Do you think anyone possessed with the least conscience could enter with any spirit into the merciless, treacherous and coldblooded scramble of outworld commerce? Papa says neither the best nor the smartest men could come to the top in its corrupt atmosphere, any more than they could under any system of universal piracy and brigandage. Papa says the character of the system dictates the character of the men it elevates. He says they had the sharpness of criminals, and were, taken all in all, men of very narrow intellect. Oh I just hate those capitalists! I wonder what the horrid creatures look like. Wouldn’t I pull their ears, though, if I had the chance!”

“Would you pull my ears also, Ray, if I were to confess having been one of them—in a small way?” I asked.

"Not if you promise never to become one again. Will you promise?"

"You little vixen. How dare you be so rude," her father interposed, having arrived upon the scene in time to overhear her last remark.

"She's all right, Bob," I explained. "She's been doing good missionary service. She has taught me that even the studies of a child are productive, and worthy of a wage."

"I'm glad you concede the justice of such a wage," my host retorted, "for the principle involved is one of the cardinal points of our distributive system. We aim to recognize all effort or exertion made for either present or future good—whether done by the woman in the household, the child at school, the apprentice learning his trade, the student of any profession or occupation requiring special training, the philosopher, the discoverer, the artist, the inventor, or any person devoting his efforts for either the remote or the general good."

"You must have rivers of gold here," said I, "to be able to maintain pay rolls for all these. Where do you secure the means?"

"Out of the products of the past labors of a similar class," was the reply. "The fact that their labors culminate at a more remote period or in a diffused utility is no reason why they should not be entitled to present pay equally as well as other producers. The District Temples see to it that each producing temple contributes its proper share toward this out of its gross revenues. The District Temples is paymaster for all those whose production does not accrue to any individual temple."

"Don't you glut your professions?" I asked.

“Far from it,” was the quick response. “They are no more crowded than are other fields. The period of training being much longer than in most occupations, and the tests of ability being also more severe, keep it from ever becoming so crowded as to lower the attraction of success. Nor is success here jeopardized by the presence of a wealthy mediocrity; for the only rank receiving recognition is that of merit.”

“The District Temple,” my friend, in response to an inquiry from me, afterwards explained, “is a higher temple comprising representatives chosen from the various industrial, residence and agricultural temples of the district. It is empowered to govern all their necessary interrelations and to aid them in all endeavors to unify methods and forms whenever preferred. It vitalizes the social energies of the temples even as the latter vitalize those of their individual members.”

“Where, if I may ask,” I inquired, “does the authority of your temple government begin?”

“All powers inhere in the individual,” was the reply, “except insofar as they are temporarily delegated to other authorities. Each temple exercises authority over its members through officials chosen by the members—a majority of whom determine all matters, and never a minority disguised under requirements of a two-third vote. A minority rule entrenched is only a premium put on rebellion; it is a pyramid resting on its apex, and instead of insuring stability is in the long run the obverse. It is the bad law and not the good one that needs fear of securing a majority. Of course, our political machinery is simpler, having none of the bribery and corruption

of capitalism to contend with and no weakness to shield through despotic laws. Our judiciary also confines its power to advisory functions that supplement the work of the legislators and are never permitted to usurp their authority. The property in self-protecting, law-making power, that inheres in the people, cannot be usurped under pretense of shielding any *special* property; for unless the common property of all is uniformly shielded the bulwark of property rights is destroyed and the whole fabric must fall."

"You have no need of labor unions, I suppose?" I asked.

"Not such as exist in the outworld," was the reply. "Our industrial temples fill their place, and Centry does away with aggressive labor movements. Open shops are perfectly safe and harmless here, and our District Temples guard the admission to crafts and professions, as well as to apprenticeship. They see to it that no monopoly bars anyone's admission and that all applicants are amply informed and, so far as can be determined, fitted for the avocation selected."

Favorably impressed with these regulations, I mentioned the fact to my friend.

"That is only a small part of what we do," he responded. "On admission to his craft fellowship or to his profession, as the case may be, the graduate is given his craft patrimony—consisting of an amount of temple stock gauged according to his earning capacity and subject to future alteration on that basis."

"Do they ever speculate with that stock?" I asked.

“The stock is made inalienable—at least so far as its equivalent is concerned.”

“What is the good of having it,” I asked, “if you can’t sell it,—since no dividends can accrue under Centrism?”

“You are mistaken as to dividends, Ben,” my friend responded. “We have, for example, one dividend called the wage surplus, paid quarterly, which is a portion of the wage withheld to obviate possible overdraft, in case the actual earning fell behind the fixed wage standard. Then there is another called the superwage which consists in the amount earned over and above the fixed standard. This dividend is not an economic profit, but a legitimate product of superior management which may be due to various causes,—such for example, as the selection of exceptionally able managers, harmonious co-operation, the early adoption of superior machinery—in fact, any honorable method by which their work as a whole is made exceptionally effective. This dividend corresponds with the increase in the earnings of skilled as compared with unskilled labor. It really represents a species of collective skill and it produces an increased product,—in no sense a graft on anyone else’s product, such as capitalistic profits.”

Through this allotment of stocks among the producers it seemed to me their wealth was kept thoroughly diffused—as much so as if owned collectively, while going further than common ownership by also distributing its custody and management—also diffused—in the hands of those especially qualified for the handling of the particular forms of wealth and industries to be dealt with. This equilibrium of wealth answered all the ends of socialization, ac-

complishing at the same time the otherwise difficult task of its administration.

Soon after the advent of Centrism every wage earner was required to acquire a competence, embracing both a home and work equipment proportional to the rental paid or the wage earned, whether paid for, or acquired subject to monthly installments. After these were acquired a perpetuation tax was levied on all owners, by which the competence was perpetuated, enhanced from generation to generation to meet the improvement in standards and the increase in number of the population. It was a light tax representing about 5 per cent. of the principal involved in the competence, or about 3 per cent. of what the gross principal involved in out-world properties would have been, where land cost and profits together with the great redundancy of business capital swelled the principal enormously and taxed industry on this basis with interest, wear and risks from 10 to 15 per cent as compared with 3 per cent here—at least three to five-fold the amount Templorians had to pay for like benefits.

The heritage of each successive generation was thus insured against the rapacity of the capitalist, as well as against the indigence of reckless or thoughtless parents. The young tortoise is not to be sent adrift parted from its shell, at the mercy of every predatory creature of the field; both parents and statutes must be subordinated to the greater law of life.

“How about the management of business?” I inquired. “Isn’t it rather difficult where everybody has a voice in the affairs?”

“On the contrary,” was the response, “the fact that everybody has a voice is a great aid to the management which receives valuable suggestions such as would never be given where the antagonism of interests and mutual mistrust of capitalism prevailed. The secret briberies, grafts and other influences that inject themselves into all forms of association under the profit system tended to isolate the management from the co-operation of those who worked, and the tenure of a job was so fickle that workers seldom took a deeper interest in affairs than would secure their wage. You must also bear in mind the fact that the voice of our laity is not so dangerous here where business seldom results contrary to the judgment of plain, ordinary reason. Neither are the ways of the practices of business so fickle, nor the difficulties of getting it or of financing it so precarious. The tests of success do not involve the iniquities nor the seccrecies that forbid extensive co-operation.”

“Do women also receive patrimony?” I next inquired.

“Women are the principal operatives in the residence temples,” he answered, “and its stock is mostly in their control. Woman is not only queen of the parlor and the kitchen, but of all institutions directly relating to the home.”

“And in the political field,” added Mrs. Man-oah, joining us, “woman is on a perfect equality with man. After you observe the purity of our politics you will readily understand why men no longer dreaded our admission into this field. Considering the corrupted currents of outworld commerce, your politics—black as they have appeared—were cleanli-

ness itself. The childish delusion of expecting to cleanse polities while united with the inky pool of commercial corruption was very amusing,—and the more so, in view of the open confession of the secret ballot—made imperative in the face of the irresponsible despotism or commerce.”



How many nations boasting of liberty would dare put it to the test of an open ballot? What sort of liberty indeed is this rope-length freedom by which men stand tethered—within its circle, strained and starving faculties, and beyond, the desert of unemployment and utter starvation?

“Is it not monotonous,” I asked my hostess, “to spend all one’s days in a single residence or work temple?”

“Monotonous! What makes you think so, Ben,” she exclaimed in evident astonishment. “With the latitude allowed us in selecting our hours of work;

in taking vacations; in travel; in club life; in pursuit of the varied professional, trade, scientific, art, philosophic and other cults; and with the resources of recreation and amusement, of outdoor life on parkway and farmway, so available; how could life ever become monotonous?

“As to being chained to a single temple—why should this be necessary? Nowhere is it easier or less costly to make a removal, for all our household appointments are designed with foresight covering facilities for removals, and our transportation also is so gauged that a side track holding a car is available to each temple. The cars furnished are also equipped to facilitate the stowage of goods without much special wrapping and packing. Served also at cost, it is very little expense to move to the remotest sections. You are also given for your temple stock a par-value order, transferable for the stock of any other temple, so that you virtually trade homes without having suffered a particle of loss.”

“After all though, you are still tenants,” I protested. “You pay a regular stipend similar to rent, and you can’t dispose of your homes as you please.”

“From one point of view,” my hostess responded, “we would never consider that a home which could be severed from the family at the whim of any one or two of its members. A home is something more than brick and mortar transferable for any mess of Esau’s pottage. It is an institution sanctified to the family in its broadest sense, to be passed down enlarged and enhanced through all the generations—an intact wealth suffering no child to

forfeit its due heritage or be bent under the burden of incumbrances. The mess of pottage shall sell no child into bondage or cast it adrift—a homeless wanderer.

“As to the stipends we pay, they must not be compared with rents. They are the cost of reproduction—a sacred obligation that perpetuates its sanctity; they do not involve sacrifice of the bread belonging to our children, nor otherwise violate the sanctity of its roof.”

## CHAPTER V.

### Everybody's Sabbath.

“And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.”

—Longfellow.

“Ting-a-ling.”

“That's for me,” exclaimed Robert Manoah, stepping hurriedly to the phone.

“Hello! At the mechanical exhibit? Pshaw! I'd come immediately, Carson, if this wern't a holiday. You know, we're on Pleasant parkway—

“Yes the Push league will make a test model—

“The Push League? It's a body authorized by the District Temple to promote enterprises in art, literature, invention or other fields, that are too large for single-handed undertaking—

“About that smelting project? That's to be put to an ‘ay or nay’ vote. If it carries, the District Temples will raise the necessary funds by a uniform levy on all the temples. If voted down a private company may then be organized and may operate until it either fails or has earned for itself the full hundred per cent. of risk profit allowed under the law—

“After that? Oh, after that the properties are all turned over to the District Temples at cost and thereafter operated like all established industries, on a cost basis—

"Raising sufficient funds? No trouble at all—if the scheme is at all feasible—

"Oh, no, no scarcity at all. One can raise ten to one as compared with the outworld—I would hazard saying fifty to one. Legitimate affairs have the field here all to themselves—only new and un-



At the 'Phone.

redundant enterprises—requiring merely the smallest mite of the available resources—

"I can comprehend the difficulty of raising money in the outworld where a pestiferous redundancy of enterprises is always clamoring for it and where the fearful hazards of business are a powerful deterrent.

"Our investors are a different type altogether, bear in mind, from those in the outworld; they don't

expect fortunes, and their motive is seldom merely the money that is to be made. They largely invest because of their sympathy with the enterprise as one deserving of promotion. Pardon my remark, but it appears to me as if that habit of being actuated merely by the profits to be acquired made you judge human flesh in the same manner—buying and selling, hiring, marrying, and entering into all occupations and into all sorts of communion on a similarly cold-blooded ‘business’ basis—

“Pardon me, but I’m merely giving you my view of these matters as they appear from Temploria.”

“That’s Carson, May—you heard me mention his name. He’s the queer Philadelphian who always talks about money and stocks. He’s looking for a scheme to promote here in which he could make a new fortune like that he had in the outworld. I’m afraid, however, it will be sour grapes he’ll pick in this vineyard.”

“I wondered why he wanted your services today,” his cheerful spouse responded. “Poor fellow! He is unable to stop thinking of money making. He talks of nothing else. There’s no question about his ideas of business being sound by outworld standards, but his expectations of making a *quick* fortune here are a trifle Quixotic.”

“Excuse me, Bob, if I’m intruding in private matters,” I interrupted, “but didn’t I hear you talking of profits? I thought profits were impossible under Centrism. I see, like Banquo’s ghost, they are bound to be cropping up—eh?”

“Eavesdroppers seldom hear much good said about them,” my friend retorted. “I should have

used the word 'riskage' instead of 'risk profits.' Riskage is merely the actual hazard of an undertaking, but involves no element of economic profits. This allowance merely throws open to private initiative such enterprises as are rejected by the District Temples, after having been submitted to popular vote; and the fact of a concentrated responsibility behind them often insures a more careful management and renders the hazard in this manner less costly than when conducted by the District Temples."

"I see you also have to encourage art more or less in such a manner;" said I, "it surely must miss the powerful support of a wealthy class."

"On the contrary," explained Mrs. Manoah, "the absence of a wealthy class has been a blessing to it. What healthy plant could grow in a dungeon of dependence? And what sort of an audience for art is a mammon-minded world? It is the general opinion here that what art lost under capitalism for want of a broad and inspired audience of independent souls was poorly compensated by the paltry crumbs doled out to it from the wealthy."

"Changing the subject," her husband now interposed, "where are we to go today? This being our sabbath, Ben, I suggest that you observe the day with us. What say you?"

I must have looked rather sheepish at this reference to the sabbath—the day being Thursday.

"Why not Thursday?" he protested, observing my bewilderment. "It's as good a day as Sunday; in fact, a better one for us. We make the day a real holiday—a complete day of rest—a day of relaxation, on which the cares of both this world and

the next are laid aside, while we surrender ourselves entirely to the bliss of innocent enjoyments."

"That sounds very nice," I protested, "but who in the meantime prepare your meals? Who operate your cars? Who do all the little chores and necessary drudgeries of the household—a thousand and one indispensable details?"

"Sweet angels from heaven come down to do these things for us," my amiable hostess twittingly remarked. "All through Pleasant parkway our household help is on a strike today. We are not lifting a hand. It must seem very strange, I know, to you; for in the outworld this would doubtless be considered household anarchy, or perhaps domestic treason."

"If you revert to Puritanical simplicity, and deny yourselves everything," I retorted, "in what respect is the strain of your self denial a greater relief from effort than work itself?"

"Deny ourselves everything? Why, Ben, we really have more enjoyments on the sabbath than on any other day."

"Until you explain how it is done, I assure you," said I, "it will remain as much a puzzle to me as ever. What I don't see is how you can have so much fiddling without fiddlers."

"I see, Ben, you don't believe in angels from heaven. Our heaven in this instance is the unity of the temple system, and the angels are a corps of workers whom the District Temples sends to relieve us. Each of the parkways has its own separate sabbath day on which a special corps comes to relieve it. This gives us what we call the alternate or specialized sabbath."

How often had I deplored the modern inroads upon the sanctity of the outworld sabbath—its incongruous sandwich of pious solemnities and grimy impieties. What a compromise it made with the imperious demands of commerce, the tyranny of hunger and the cry for comforts and attentions. What a travesty of contradictions. What a patch-work of strain and denials to offer at the altar of rest. Sweet psalms and soothing sermons may soften the harsh notes of discord, but the self-satisfied rest in which but few can indulge is not the sabbath ordained by the Lord. Even an all day rest on Sunday is no sabbath, if paid for with weekday over-work. The employer who merely allows his men rest on one day, after being taxed the difference in overtime on the other six days, has not kept the sabbath day holy.

“Your church services, I should imagine,” said I, after some pause, “are held on week days.”

“We do not hold formal services,” Grandpa Zeke responded. “Our worship conforms to our conception as to our place in life. With us it is a reality that God is everywhere and sees everything. As we view life, the whole realm of existence is His house and all the years witness His continuous creation, in which we—within our narrow limits—are of His instruments—not merely passive clay, but molding as well as being molded. The spirit of the Divinity and of the demoniac are both lodged within us—within all being—the essence of religion being to us an open-eyed struggle to rise.

“Searching for higher ideals and striving for their achievement, we participate in the grand everyday creation—led, as it were, like children, by

God's hand. Is not progress the spirit of creation—God's hand at work—each creature being an instrument in His hand to serve its purpose? What higher worship then than that of serving progress and hearkening to the voice that speaks to us today in clearer tone than in all ages past? What Babel-building worship is it that would circumscribe the infinite within finite limitations and forestall the infinite expansion of growth with rigid creed and dogma? Are not these all idol creeds and idol dogmas—another idol worship?

"To us the Creator is interpretable only in terms of creation—of progress—growth—life—intelligence. No fatherhood is worshipped through arbitrary creeds charged with repellent elements hostile to brotherhood. Only sin and ruin lie in the course of these growth-denying and God-denying yokes. Not by mere words is the Lord worshipped, but by deeds—deeds that go hand in hand with His work of creation."

"From your remarks I should judge," said I, "you do not take the Bible literally."

"No more than we take the earth literally," he replied. "Should we have allowed the earth to remain just as we had found it—unchallenged—accepting its raw state as final and unimprovable—allowing it to remain uncultivated, with never a weed pulled, a rock removed, a marsh filled, or a beast of the forest subdued? If the gift of the material world was bestowed in crude form to be developed through the sweat of our brows, is it not also evident that the spiritual world has for us a similar mission—to lift our minds and souls out of the mires of slothful indolence? Has it not come to

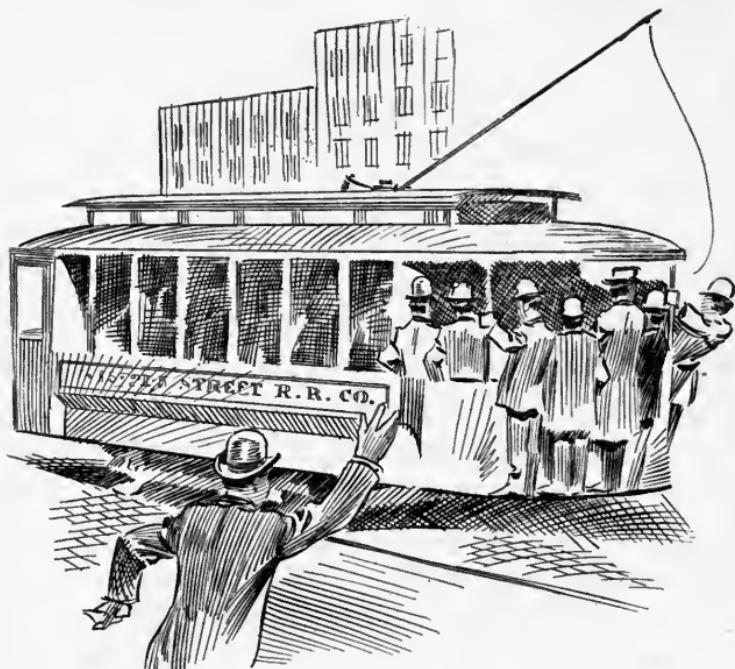
us in dull crudity, like the uncultivated earth, rich in substance, full of heavenly gems, though requiring to be plucked of its tares and weeds—to have its thorns cut down, its mountains leveled and its marshes filled, and all its dark places lightened? What greater irreverence can be imagined than a mock worship in which there is no understanding. The book is desecrated when held before the eye to hide from view the broader book of life—God-given, with greater truth and greater signs of miracle than this mere word in the greater book. This sacred book of life is the Templorian Bible—as broad as life and as expansive as growth—in perfect alignment with both the work and the spirit of creation—a book in which all man-made books are but as lines and paragraphs of its broad pages.

“The true reverence for our Creator lies in a humble attitude to the decrees of being—to law—subordinating all our man-governing laws to its light, without which they will give but a flickering service and possibly yield a blighting curse. There is no reverence in a closed eye, a heart seared with cowardice or a truth hidden from men through mistrust of knowledge. There is only atrophy and death in blind worship, aimless sacrifices and empty standards.”

The ride to the pleasure resort at which we spent the day was itself a source of delight, the absence of jar and discomfort enabling us to enjoy the varied scenery along the way. I could not afterwards avoid contrasting it with the customary Sunday excursions in my own country, where passengers were usually packed in like salted herrings with

a few mammoth specimens dangling over the steps of the cars.

Wherever we visited there was convenience, comfort and ample provision for all wants. There was no note of feverish haste and flurry, and no catch-penny discord to mar the quiet harmony of our



Packed Like Salted Herrings.

surroundings. Everything possible seems to have been arranged for the enhancement of our pleasure, the keynote of all the attentions bestowed on us being an unobtrusive service. Neither was our freedom marred by narrow rules—for the true spirit of freedom which comes of a due respect for the liberty of others, seemed to be strongly inculcated in all persons with whom we came in contact.

Nowhere did we encounter the faintest hint of drunkenness or rowdyism, exhibitions of which I

was told were as extinct here as the dodo; these weaknesses and vulgarities had long ago evaporated along with a large number of other petty vices that clung to the skirts of capitalism.

Let no one, however, imagine that because of the absence of jostling crowds and noise of catch-penny gimeracks, we had anything like a Quaker celebration. We made the welkin ring with song and speech, declaiming and rehearsing dramatic scenes, telling good old reminiscent stories, crossing swords in discussion, and what with bathing, rowing and general romping, we passed the day as frolicksome as children.

Altogether there was no disputing the practical value of the Templorian sabbath. Its alternating vitalized the day into a real sabbath, each parkway having its own separate day into which it could enter with heart and soul. It was a real day of rest for all, such as modern conditions could give in no other way.

How strangely it now seemed to me that outworlders should be doing all their catering with the same senseless rush and stew and with the same extravagance in cost as characterized their Sunday service. They were constantly congesting their capricious trade into holiday seasons, fair weeks, and hand-to-mouth feast-and-famine fluctuations, following every whim of the seasons and of the weather—and constantly adding to the risks of the individual merchant as well as the cost of the service. It somehow seemed to be lacking in order, in unity, in harmony, with the spirit of life; there was something in it that appealed to me as ungodly.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A Career of Forgeries.

“And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.”

—Shakespeare.

“If solidarity is any criterion, I’d class Centrism as socialistic,” said Captain Clark, in the course of a discussion among a coterie of Falcon survivors. They were seated in the temple hall ante room, awaiting the moment, soon to arrive, for their public installation into Templorian citizenship.

“As it appears to me,” responded Dick Burton, the former labor leader, “it’s a happy blend of individualism and collectivism, with capitalism squeezed out. It might just as well be called economic unionism—a union in which consumer and producer are made inseparable, scabbing impossible, and strikes unnecessary.”

“And why not call it the *economic* brotherhood of man?” added Mrs. Luzby. “Unless Christian ethics are to be vitalized in the industrial life of mankind, they must be regarded a mere pick pocket’s accomplice, to hold public attention while the common pocket is being picked.”

The conversation was here abruptly terminated,—the lights having been turned on in full blaze,—while to the accompaniment of music we marched into the main hall, to be received with hearty cheers

by a large party of spectators. The ceremonies of installation were very brief, sincere and earnest—opening with an appropriate address of welcome, in the course of which our new home was glowingly alluded to as a grander Eden—a land of the millennium.

Toward the close, a tall gentleman of rather prepossessing appearance, Mr. Edgar Blake, was presented as a delegate of the District Temples, who was to officiate temporarily as our custodian and tutor. He briefly outlined his mission as intended merely during the initial period of our new citizenship, while receiving instruction in the customs and ways of the realm, and until we had each been provided with his proper patrimony as a free citizen of Temploria. The patrimony embraced the following items:

A home for each individual or family group,  
An adult's share of temple stock,  
Purse of a hundred dollars and a hundred centrets,  
Weekly allowance of twenty dollars while serving a whole or part apprenticeship in any specialized occupation.

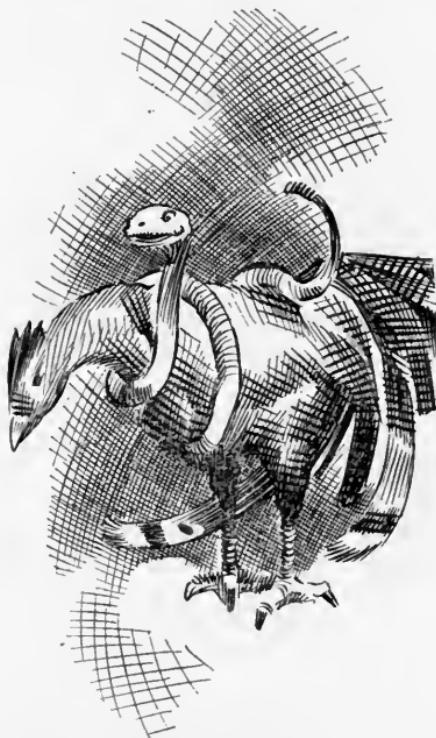
The last item represented the minimum allowance of any craft, and the sum will buy as much as thirty dollars would in America.

The ceremony over, we were escorted to the Grand Temple. We spent the entire afternoon here, visiting its various institutions. Among these was a certain Zoological collection notable for the peculiar oddity of its specimens, two of which were so unusually strange I cannot refrain from mention of their freakish relationship.

You have often heard of queer bed fellows in the animal kingdom—such for example as the owl, gopher and rattlesnake—a trio nesting in the same

burrow; but I dare say, you never before heard of a partnership like that holding together the sweat fowl and the cuckoo snake.

The sweat fowl is a bird of slender and graceful form, a little larger than an ordinary hen. It is gifted with pearly white plumage, covered with a



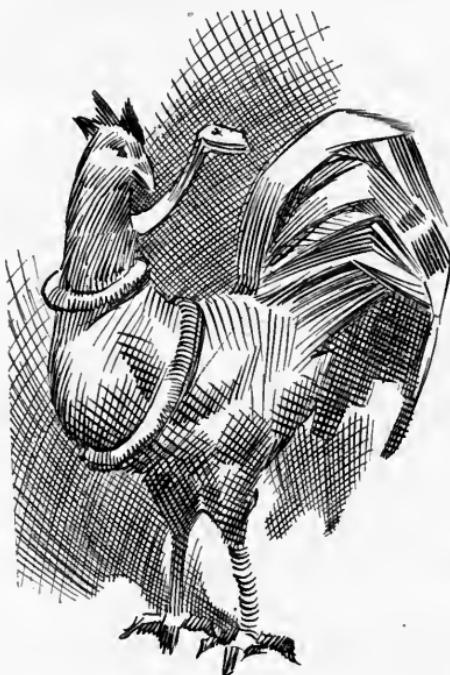
The Sweat Fowl.

light sprinkling of gold. This bird were a paragon of beauty but for its emaciated body and dejected visage—appearing so indescribably sad, one might readily imagine it an incarnated fancy of a Poe or a Dante.

The other creature—its mate—was at first scarcely noticeable, resembling a piece of thick cord twined around its body. The apparently insignificant

coil however suddenly relaxed, exposing itself as a horrid little serpent, the fierce malignancy of whose eyes belied her leering smile. This creature was known as the cuckoo snake.

While gazing at this odd pair, our attention was attracted to a similar couple in another apartment



Vain Pride.

going through a curious performance. Her snake-ship in this instance was bloated nigh to bursting, and was engaged in covering her prostrate and groaning mate with a coat of thick, yellowish saliva. Passing by later on we witnessed the same bird, now somewhat revived, getting on its feet—her snake-ship once more coiled around its body, as complacently as if she had been some natural organ or limb grown there.

"Of all the queer things!" exclaimed Miss Oswald. "Why, I looked every minute to see the poor fowl gulped down. The feast has doubtless been deferred for a more auspicious appetite."

Presently the fowl drew its head up proudly and began strutting across the floor of its apartment, its eyes turned admiringly upon the new glitter of its plumage. The saliva had done its work; it had re-animated the feathery garment as well as the physical vigor of the fowl.

"You will pay dearly, my sweet bird," our tutor remarked, as if admonishing the bird, "for your borrowed shine and vigor. Tomorrow you will again be sweating blood, while your unnatural mate will begin once more her custom of daily absorbing it to her body. From day to day you will degenerate in strength and in spirit, as well as in the splendor of your plumage, until again prostrated and dependent upon the healing saliva. Thus with each successive relapse you will become weaker until either languishing in paralysis or relieved by death."

Watching the curious couple on another occasion we observed the bird unearth a fat worm which it was studiously eyeing. The tid bit, however, was no sooner exposed to view than her snakeship, with a quick thrust of her head, had it grasped and stowed away, before the very eyes of the bewildered fowl.

"Isn't that a shame!" cried Miss Carson, observing the outcome of the poor fowl's industry.

"This partnership is not a very profitable one for the poor fowl," Mr. Blake assured us, "her snakeship invariably snatching every morsel in sight, and requiring to be gorged, before she will

permit the bird to share the least particle. Between the theft of its food and the absorption of its blood, the saliva scarcely replenishes a fourth part of the loss,—merely serving to deceive the bird into submissive tolerance of a deadly drainage. It's all a one-sided partnership. I've never been able to figure it out any other way."

"Look at her—" he resumed awhile later, "with those deceitful and fiery eyes. She is simply holding the bird under a hypnotic spell—the poor deluded creature unconsciously thinking as her snakeship directs."

"I should think," Mrs. Luzby suggested, "that the fowl would be seeking a divorce from so abominable a partner."

"If it would only awaken to the truth—" our tutor added, "if it wasn't hypnotized into the idea that the two creatures were parts of one body— inseparable partners. Partners indeed! Would you believe it, the vile creature even mingles her eggs with those of the fowl; and the chick no sooner pokes its tiny head out of the shell than a snakelet coils around its tiny body, to remain there through life. So from one generation to the next, the sweat fowl's burden clings to it like a vested wrong fastened upon the neck of an outraged people."

"Its remarkable tenacity of adherence," remarked Mr. Oswald, "reminds me of the way capital in the outworld, hatched by the serpent of abstinence, fastens itself upon the neck of industry—incessantly reiterating its long cherished delusion that it is an integral factor in industry entitled to a share in the product.

“Every move of this serpent reminds me of some attitude assumed by outworld capital. Snatching all the choice morsels scratched up by the fowl is just the way the capitalist absorbs to his own use, and for his favorites, all the opportunities the workingman as consumer has created. Absorbing the poor fowl’s blood is merely a duplicate of the way capital absorbs to itself the products of all kinds of labor through interest, rents and profits. The swelling of the serpent’s body until ready to burst, and the depletion of the poor fowl’s flesh and vitality until no longer able to support the swollen body of her snakeship, what do these more resemble than the way capital puffs itself into a vast body of redundancy until industry, depleted by its abstentions, is no longer able to sustain the terrible burden and collapses in financial depression. These depressions, recur periodically, never ceasing until either a lower vitality or permanent paralysis has set in, or else the national life has been swept into the desert of oblivion. Even the relief by the application of the yellow saliva has its counterpart in the loans and investments that finally respond to returning animation; and after these depressions nations usually indulge in a great deal of boasting of the wonderful achievements performed by the reigning political party, so much resembling the vain strut of the deluded fowl on the rejuvenation of its faded plumage.”

“An admirable comparison, Mr. Oswald,” our tutor approvingly remarked, “and also a true portraiture of the false pretensions of capital, in its relation to labor. From an entirely different viewpoint this hideous cuckoo snake also exemplifies the

treason of your root-of-evil dollar—the dollar of the abstainer. This dollar is constantly deserting the true orbit of money, which should be in the service of production, to enter one of pure acquisition—a vicious circle of successive forgeries as brazen in character as they are appalling in magnitude and conse-



An Astonished Magnate.

quence. This abstainer's dollar was furthermore passed at par by men whose services in obtaining it had been doubtful pennyworths."

"That is utterly unimaginable—much less believable!" the former steel magnate exclaimed, shocked at the remark and violently shaking his gray head. "How could such forgeries ever escape detection!"

“Simply because no one distinguished between the labor of the consumer and that of the abstainer,” responded our tutor. “The labor of the consumer was always worth par; but that of the abstainer was unquestionably worthless.”

“Why should the labor of the abstainer be worthless? How can you make such an assertion!” indignantly exclaimed the the Philadelphian.

“No labor applied to the production of articles that are never to be used,” was the prompt response, “can have any economic value. Whatever the labor cost of any article, its inability to elicit buyers must deprive it of all claim to value. The abstainer’s product is really a *surplus* commodity, *without a market*. The mere fact that it had been successfully foisted upon the market after having displaced consumers and appropriated a market legitimately belonging to others, would not help to qualify it other than as a *surplus* product. To credit it as legitimate were on a par with crediting as genuine the counterfeit bills of a crook because he had succeeded in passing them on others. The fact remains indisputable that the abstainer had never contributed the shadow of a market, but had merely succeeded in marketing his product after having, by abstention, appropriated that belonging exclusively to the consumer. He was virtually a cuckoo,—a thief of markets. To therefore regard his product in any other light than as an unmarketable *surplus* product, were as far from truth as to regard counterfeit bills once passed as forever after genuine.

“In order to further illustrate my meaning, let us group the abstainers and the consumers into two separate bodies. Among the abstainers the practice

of producing without consuming must result in either a deadlock, for want of demand for products, or else an overproduction, netting merely an unmarketable surplus; but in neither case was there created the first iota of value. What value could their products have, piled up to the skies, without a user? The consumer, on the other hand, who *uses* products *as fast as produced*, would not be deterred from producing without cessation and without the slightest depreciation from the par value,—the collective producers drawing as their collective wage the total product.”

“How comes it,” asked Mrs. Luzby, “that out-world economists should not have detected so gross a flaw in the system?”

“That was due,” replied Mr. Blake, “to their strong leaning to the existing order of society in preference to God’s order—an inherent blindness and weakness of character similar to that which has largely in all ages afflicted the political and ecclesiastical leaders of men,—making it necessary for progressive thought to emanate out side of their ranks, and imposing a species of exile, as well as other martyrdoms, upon all who dared to depart from orthodox doctrine. Instead of probing for its deeper truths, proud authority left the social fabric to rest upon the false prop of fear-born assent and banished disputation. Beginning with an investigation of the laws governing the wealth of nations, in which the welfare of the individual as such was ignored, they have remained almost altogether in the ruts formed by this first important vehicle. Though great stress had been laid upon the vast economy effected through what is known as division or

specialization of labor, scarcely any further attention was given to this fundamental basis of the industrial process—earning by its consequent impotence the name of ‘dismal science,’ and often being eschewed as a purely sordid pursuit. It seemed as if the more they penetrated its labyrinthian depths the more confusion they drew forth—one endless profusion of perplexed wisdom that melted like wax in the rival flames of their own factional reason. They spun beautiful webs of microscopic thread that glittered to the untutored eye, but which were no sooner exposed to the test of experience than their shadowy threads gave way and the fabric of hope on which labor’s Prometheus had gazed, vanished in darkness and new-born despair.”

“The division of labor, I imagine,” remarked Mrs. Luzby, “lay at the very threshold of the industrial science; and scornfully leaping over it, they plunged into the midst of inextricable confusion.”

“The division of labor,” responded the Templorian, “is a vast co-operation in which millions and millions participate—each operating separately, whether as producer or as consumer. Their collective patronage naturally limits the amount of work to be dispensed; and for this reason no one should be permitted to draw on the work except in response to the amount of opportunity his consuming has created. To overdraw is nothing less than trespassing upon the opportunities belonging to others and needful to them in bargaining the terms of their employment.”

“I wonder if any credit whatever is due the abstainer for his labor,” exclaimed the Philadelphian, in a sarcastic vein.

“At the most,” responded our tutor, “he could claim no more for his dollars than his efforts could have produced with himself as his sole market. Of what value were his skill, as a mechanic or as a professional man, with himself alone to serve? It were at the best worth mere pennyworths on the dollar of ordinary value. The difference, the remaining ninety-nine cents, is the value of the market, or in other words, the value of the privilege of co-operation it represents. The abstainer, contributing no element to the power of co-operation, and moreover operating in direct antagonism to the harmony of its mechanism, is surely not entitled to any of its benefits. He is industrially an anarchist and counterfeiter, on a colossal scale—an economic criminal whom no orderly society would countenance.

“Yet this forgery of doubtful pennyworths into par dollars is only his initial step in a continuous career of diabolical forgeries!”

“Who would have believed so monstrous a system of forgery could have been possible among intelligent beings!” Mrs. Luzby exclaimed, her face a picture of horror.

“The truth in this instance is really stranger than fiction,” Mr. Blake resumed. “What I have been telling you is merely the first act in its drama of fraud. Its second act was no less unique. By the very act of hoarding the holder forged his face-value dollars from the perishable commodities of commerce subject to corrosion and decay, which they represented and merely substituted, into the full enduring power of its imperturbable face. It arrogated to itself a value in storage capacity way beyond the commodities it stood for, and thereby foisted on the

consumer the costs of storage and wear. In addition to imposing on the consumer the burden of paying for the preservation of the capitalist's principal, its exemption from this tax thus became a stepping stone to the greatest and most colossal of all the forgeries chargeable to the abstainer's dollars—forming the third act in the remarkable drama of value forgeries:

“Owing to this exemption from the storage costs and wear involved in the preservation of other forms of legitimate wealth, our immutable face-value dollar was enabled to defy with impunity the demands of commerce, playing hooky in his hoarding hole as long as he pleased, or until bribed to return to the channels of commerce by the assurance of profits,—invariably withdrawing in the absence of these inducements. Compounding thereafter all these repeated drafts of usury and profits, it kept on in an everlasting series of these value forgeries—forging its own forgeries into an ever-expanding series and piling Ossa upon Pelion until it had planted a vast tumor of redundant and superfluous capital upon the back of industry, coagulating its blood with hoarding and again through profits sapping its every artery and devouring its substance.

“The abstainer's dollar was a robber from the start, whether in the role of counterfeit surplus product; whether secluded as an idler in his hoarding den; exempted from the tax of wear and storage, or out upon his errands of extortion—in which he stifled commerce till it yielded his profits—forming one endless series of successive forgeries. Instead of serving as a respectable working implement, loyal to the obligation of reciprocal production and con-

suming, this tool of trade had degenerated into a gross counterfeit,—an instrument of blackmail and a garroter of industry. Could a greater treason to industry be imagined than the acts of this fickle dollar? Here was a dollar privileged to repudiate the products its owner had created, converting its credit for these worthless surplus products into loans at par to displaced consumers who had been denied the right to redeem with their services the dollars spent. These dollars received from the consumer were evidently not subject to redemption; they were irredeemable and could be withheld by the abstainer and converted into capital without limit,—particularly into deadly hoards of currency.

Here was indeed an irredeemable currency and an unbridled mintage whose perennial flow of capital overran the fields of commerce both in advance and in the wake of the usual currency expansions, like one of those terrible genii of the Arabian Nights—an uncorked monster utterly dwarfing and impoverishing industry by its vast redundancy, though in the midst of its money carnivals."

"And in the face of all this utter failure of its redemption," Mr. Oswald followed, "the *tardy* loans and investments,—representing money due in redemption of commodities produced, but withheld altogether from expenditure except by investment after profits were assured—these *long overdue* hoards of fugitive wealth, diverted to the obstruction and plunder of industry,—were being extolled by the apologists of capital as 'advances' made 'in the furtherance of industry,' and were moreover humorously alluded to as 'productive consuming.' Their explanation was a capital joke, worthy of Lu-

cifer. I can hear his fire-lit vaults still ringing with the echoes of laughter provoked by this splendid out-world witticism!"

"Traced to its source," added the astute Doctor Remington, "the whole body of capital is nothing but a few tainted pennyworths of surplus product forged by the abstainer into par, perpetuated by fraud at public expense and then inflated by the compounding of feloniously-extracted usuries until its original value,—no bigger than a flea's shadow,—has swelled into a mountain of gold planted upon the back of prostrate industry."

"What else is this face-value abstainer's dollar," exclaimed Mr. Oswald, "but the leering, lying face of another cuckoo snake out of whose lies emanate the coils and coils of capital that envelop the sweat fowl of industry? Never will these deadly coils release their grip until the redemption of products is made compulsory—until the act of redemption is imposed upon money through a medium such as centry—a badge of industrial citizenship by which the consumer shall be distinguished, and the abstainer repelled. The counterfeit dollar, must be thrown out; and every dollar traveling the highways of industry must faithfully serve the unceasing rotation of consuming and producing. There must be no breaks in the flow of trade; neither should its highways become a robbers' causeway. The prime function of money is to circulate without deviation—to connect services with the wants demanding them. It must not only record efforts but test their fitness and responsiveness to actual wants; for efforts not adapted to or responsive to actual wants are as valueless as mere wants unaccompanied with efforts to satisfy them."

"I have always regarded the outworld as a lost paradise," remarked Miss Oswald, "but never did I imagine it could be so outrageously scandalous. Never did I conceive the possibility of so colossal a carnival of frauds and forgeries."

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Doctor Remington. "That we should all these years have been reconciled to such evils, and so long have lived in self-satisfied delusion. What infamy this license of abstinence—this iniquitous power—this serpent of deception—pretending to serve trade, while robber-like holding consumer and producer apart, allowed a mere partial union, and that solely as slaves, wearing the short-wage shackles. Oh shame! shame! That god's image should be so trodden in the dust—debased, corrupted, degraded! What an adder's tooth this abstinence! Death in the guise of Life! Shame in the guise of Honor! Its gifts venom, its charity corruption! How long is this cuckoo snake to rule the outworld sweat fowl? How long, ere the blind creature open its eyes, and awaken to the truth? How long ere it shake off this tyrant, and go free? When, Oh when is this day of resurrection to arrive—the beginning of the outworld millennium?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### Spectacular Coloria.

"Thou bright Futurity, whose prospect beams,  
In dawning radiance on our daylight dreams;  
Whose lambent meteors and ethereal forms,  
Gild the dark clouds, and glitter through the storms;  
On thy broad canvas fancy loves to trace  
Her brilliant Iris, drest in vivid grace;  
Paints fair creatures in celestial dyes,  
Tints of the morn and blushes of the skies;  
And bids her scenes perfection's robes assume,  
The mingling flush of light, and life, and bloom."

—Hemans.

Twenty dollars a week in *Temploria* was not quite as attractive to Mr. Carson as had been his princely outworld income. The former steel magnate was less conspicuous here; he received less flattering attentions; and he also lacked the hosts of sycophants whose manifold ways of stooping make the smallest man feel a veritable giant. The barbaric license of his past environment was here painfully absent—a condition to which he seemed unable to become reconciled. There was something in fact in the prevailing atmosphere of independence that grated harshly upon his soul.

Mr. Carson was also arriving at an age when, considered either mentally or physically, he was falling into the sere of decrepitude. His swelling ego now called for as many attentions as the swelling of his gouty limb,—both mind and body craving artificial props. It thus happened to be an unfortunate period of his career for turning over a new leaf—just at the time his joints were beginning to

twitch, his muscles to relax, his face to assume an unethereal blue, his eyes to blear and his nose to take on an ungraceful prominence.

With money in his purse all these symptoms of degeneracy would have remained invisible, their outcries hushed in the cheer of mingling bowl and song; but without this salve of deferment—temporary leveler of Nature's roughest lines—they glared at him with all the malignancy of fiends. Poor fellow! Temploria, with all her good intentions, was to him more prison than paradise.

Quite possibly his gay daughter, Miss Lydia, might have been another of those whose appreciation of duty went no further than the outworld custom of returning thanks for patronage and therewith closing the account. At any rate, this young woman seemed now to have quite forgotten there was such a thing as filial obligation. Had she not been trained to receive bounties from parental hands as a mere matter of course; and coming from other sources, they had been mere baits, anticipating patronage. The idea of obligation had not yet entered her head.

It was no wonder therefore, that when a party of Falconers, along with the Manoahs, started out one fine morning for a stroll through Coloria parkway the pretty Miss Lydia allowed her father to remain alone,—bound to his chair with gout—while she thoughtlessly joined the merrymakers.

In the party was the young socialist, Mark Oswald, at whose handsome countenance she frequently cast admiring glances, but who in turn seemed to be utterly oblivious of the fact,—his mind complete-

ly absorbed in the marvelous coloring of the foliage and vegetation for which Coloria is famed.

Glancing up the parkway the view presented a perfect realm of enchantment—a scenic spectacle beggaring description,—in fact, one of the triumphs of Templorian horticulture.

The remarkable appearance of this avenue represented an entire century of successive experiments and studies, culminating in the acquirement of a power to impart to their vegetation any desirable color or shade. Through this means the landscape gardener has here at his command a range and perfection of coloring simply unimaginable. No painter's palette could rival the brilliance attainable, or the daintiness of the tints imparted to the natural canvas of lawn and bough.

What masses of solid gorgeousness overhung the broad walks and winding pathways! What charming vistas of color splendor carpeted the earth—here in scarlet banks like vast geranium beds, there in framed mosaics edged with trimmings as delicate and fanciful as silk embroideries!

Golden leaves, silver leaves, leaves of pearl and ruby and of sapphire, fluttered upon the arching tree tops; endless lengths of beautifully tinted streamers interlaced the walks, twining gracefully around the trunks of giant trees and embracing in the course of their meanderings all the beautiful monuments and carved figures ornamenting the grounds.

From the top of a knoll all draped in crimson arose an emerald fountain—its tall crest bulging into a wide circle and then bursting into a million glittering jewels, that tinkled sweetly as they patterred into the liquid emerald of the pool beneath.

There were also fountains that shot up ruby spires and showered a fire-flecked spray; others there were with treble streams, twining in their vertical ascent until at a great height they broadened into a wide-spread canopy of vapory sheen, of a thousand hues and tints, on which the blazing sun glimmered in one fantastic symphony of light.

Nowhere else could have been seen such a bewildering variety of color, sparkle and symmetry, or such a medley of fantastic figures and designs—all blending into one grand panorama of attractiveness.

The way was everywhere peopled with life and gaiety—parties of young and old, in every variety of tasteful and fanciful attire, engaging in healthful exercise and holiday pursuits; and every breeze bore snatches of gay melody, blending harmoniously with the laughter of the happy throng.

Several hours were passed in this enchanting paradise of color; and when we withdrew, turning into a narrow cross lane, it seemed as if suddenly entering another world.

We were now facing rural scenes amid the waving fields and smiling orchards of one of the great farmways. Green patches of vegetation, flocks of noisy fowl, great storehouses and mammoth vehicles and implements, were everywhere in evidence. Such abundance, such magnificent specimens of mouth-watering fruit! At each successive outburst of our admiration Robert Manoah would respond with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark: "Only science plus time!"

"Very true," responded Doctor Remington, "but none the less creditable; without the aid of sup-

plementary Nature from the human brain your crab apple would to this day have remained a sour and bitter snip."

"That's what we call grafting from the tree of knowledge," the young Templorian facetiously replied. "Our system of specialized farming is indeed a very profitable graft upon Nature."

"This specialization of occupations also entered into the household, I imagine, did it not?" inquired Miss Oswald.

"Oh yes, and it brought its members into closer touch with the world," Mrs. Manoah responded. "It banded the tillers of the soil into village temples similar to those of the cities,—connecting them by rail with all parts of Temploria. It completely transformed the home, bringing to it, in addition to superior service, the facilities of education, society, travel, refinement, independence—everything in fact that outworld wealth could at its best indulge; and it also supplied a degree of fellowship that was not purchasable with wealth."

In these farm temples every man is a specialist in some distinct branch of the farming industry. The lands are everywhere brought up to the highest capacity for production, artificially reinforced with every missing ingredient; and no efforts were spared in the treatment accorded to flocks and herds, whose feeding and housing received the closest study and attention. Every implement also,—and the number of these was legion,—had its specialist operatives; and even the transporting of the varied products and materials used, was in the hands of men especially skilled for the work. None of the work is done by beasts of burden,—Nature having provided

forces more economic by far, and liberating a vast acreage previously needed to support the horse and ox, for more direct service to man.

“Have any of you visited the temple nursery?” asked Captain Clark while we were taking a rest in one of the shady bowers on our return to Pleasant parkway. “I had a great time there yesterday watching the little tots. It was a sight to observe the intense eagerness written on their faces. What do you think of a tiny stage—a sort of fairy world peopled with all sorts of grotesque characters, coming and going, some ship shape and some groggy. They were good and bad; and they made their grimaces and little speeches, sang, danced, cut all sorts of capers—now bursting into lusty laughter and again sobbing as if their hearts were to break. There were frolicksome dwarfs, elves, brownies, fairies, and stupid beasts. The jabber of their voices, which would have left Punch and Judy in the shade, had all been inspired through an automatic mechanical ventriloquist concealed behind a curtain. I was more tickled with the exhibition perhaps than any of the youngsters. A single performance in the slowly darkening room, and a soft lullaby at the close, lands every blessed tot in dreamland.”

“Visiting the Grand Temple bazaar yesterday,” Mrs. Luzby remarked, “I was simply astounded at the speed with which I could do my shopping. Almost everything is sold from samples or catalogues, and a few steps cover so much ground! There is no rush, no clatter, no confusion, no long waiting; and apart from placing the samples before you very little of the clerk’s time is required. The card going with each sample tells you all about it

and supplies far more complete and reliable information than the average outworld clerk is able to give, were he so disposed. All you do after each selection is to have it entered by number on your order card and proceed. The stand of each clerk has its number, and a printed store guide handed you on entering helps you to arrange the order of your purchases. They deliver goods out of stock at an advance of five per cent. This is due to the cost of storage and sales risks otherwise assumed, and it forms another reason, apart from the fact that centry is given for advance payments, why people order things in advance, and very far in advance at that. I can see now how ridiculous it is doing so much of our buying in the outworld from hand to mouth and depending so much upon credit. How many of our wants are there but can be foreseen months and years ahead. Most of them are continuous, year in and year out, and there is no reason for making their supply depend upon such fickle purchasing. Of course we have to pay and pay dearly for such slovenly business methods! With a vast body of pre-paid orders in all lines accumulated far in advance, nobody must ever be out of work here and no one must submit to tyranny as to the number of hours he must work. A poor manager it would be who couldn't accommodate his help so that they could determine the hours they would work; and a smart manager it would be who could dictate to the man equipped with centry."

"If there is one thing I am thankful for," remarked Miss Oswald, "it is the absence here of those myriads of corner grocers with their petty stocks of staled goods, done up in handsomely labeled pack-

ages which were usually more costly than the contents. I'm glad to note also that most foodstuffs are brought to us in bulk, and direct either from the farm or the laboratory."

"Nothing pleases me more," added Mrs. Luzby, "than the fact that garment sewing and a great variety of other light labor is performed in the home temples which are provided with ladies' working parlors. That is due to the fact that there are no congested districts and no labor displacement through which a congested population could be hired at abnormally low figures."

"Will you inform me, Mrs. Manoah," asked Doctor Remington, "what has become of the servant girl under Centrism?"

"When Centrism began to raise wages," my hostess replied, "it provided such assurances of ample and stable income to young men that few longer hesitated in making proposals for matrimony. So wide spread was the epidemic of matrimony following, that few marriageable girls remained single. The demand for servants was enhanced, and the supply lowered to such an extent that the few remaining available had to be bribed with salaries such as only millionaires could afford.

"This exodus of the servant girl into the Canaan of matrimony left a void in so many households as to cause a profound impression. It taught the lesson that isolated housekeeping was a delusion —a sham completely exposed as soon as the burden of its extravagances could no longer be shifted upon other shoulders. The exodus of the servant girl thus became also the genesis of the co-operative home, out of which the temple ultimately evolved.

All branches of housework became thereafter specialized, and its standards in all branches were materially improved. The lady of the house was thereby enabled in a few hours to perform her share of all the laborious duties; was well paid for it, and had a good balance of time left for self-development. The working woman became the lady, and the only lady. True merit was respected as never before. Authority was revered, but not the sham authority of surreptitiously acquired power."

"Yes, and our puddings are no longer spoiled by too many cooks," added her husband. "The day of a separate cook for every household, thanks to templism, is past. Without the least disparagement of the sex, we now see how foolish it was to imagine so exalted an art as cooking could be mastered by every woman. It might as well have been assumed that every woman should become a musician, a painter, a physician or a lawyer. The feeding of the human body with hygienic and palatable nutrition—an everyday process—is now regarded as of equal if not more importance in keeping the body in health than medical treatment after maladies have set in. Whatever profession or art *everybody* assumes, you may rely on it, will soon forfeit common respect. Specialization fits each person to his place and puts in every place the most capable of the kind; and the process of constant fitting tends to constantly elevate its standards. It has put life into our homes and rescued them from the stagnation that is ever a breeder of sin."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Prior to Centrism.

“Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the  
suns.”—Tennyson.

“Templorian history begins with the fifteenth century,” said Miss Oswald in the course of one of our Falconer class recitations. “The country was first settled by the Dutch at a place where Red Cross now stands. All its adult male population had been ruthlessly slaughtered by a band of British buccaneers while in a state of stupefaction after a holiday carousal. The pirates thereupon hoisted their black flag, whose bloodstained skull and cross bones gave rise to the name, ‘Red Cross.’ ”

“What kind of a life did the pirates lead?” our instructor now asked.

“They became polygamous, each taking to himself a number of the Dutch widows, and adopting the children together with the cattle and sheep. After that they became gentlemen of leisure, depending upon the women and children for all the onerous work.”

“Very good, Miss Oswald; you may be seated. Now Mr. Rusk, will you explain how they were able to maintain order in a society composed of such turbulent and unruly characters?”

“The new proprietors began recklessly,” I answered, “abandoning themselves to their bestial appetites; they had no thought of the morrow, and

were in the habit also of foraging upon one another's supplies to an extent destroying all incentive to produce beyond the requirements of a hand to mouth living. In the simplicity of their untutored minds one form of acquisition seemed as good as another. Their chief, however, old Jack Horn, after whom the land had been named Jack's Land,—afterwards spelled J-a-x-l-a-n-d—was the first to recognize their error. A shrinking deficit in his revenues had set him to thinking; and the truth finally dawned upon him that unbridled acquisition, whether as a wealth or a revenue producer, was a dead failure. They must hereafter distinguish between acquisition by theft and that founded upon labor or service. Otherwise to produce more than one could immediately use would merely invite thieves to come in the night and possibly take the owner's life as well as his goods. As it was, the owner was obliged to defend his little wealth against all comers, and this requirement converted ownership into a virtual penalty,—as if it had been a crime. This state of affairs would not do. The force of the community must be directed against the thief and not against the producer.

"Old Jack had in his day overcome many a stubborn obstacle, and was not to be balked in the present emergency. Calling to himself a few burly followers he instituted a 'law and order' league. Then in lieu of written code he had one thief executed and severed the right ear from another—a form of code his followers were not slow to interpret. The code worked like a charm, the deadlock of insecurity coming to an end and habits of thrift and industry becoming more firmly rooted with the en-

hanced security of possession. As anticipated, Jack's income was also materially enhanced with the rising tide of prosperity."

"Now Miss Carson, will you be kind enough," requested our tutor, "to tell us how Jaxland became separated from the outworld?"

"On the night of January 21, in the year 1497," was the reply, "an earthquake swayed the island like the rocking of a huge cradle. It worked fearful



In Lieu of Written Code.

havoc. Several severe shocks followed and were succeeded by a strange paleness of the skies at the horizon's edge. The next morning a vast barrier surrounded the island,—to all appearances a great wall of ice cliffs, but in reality a huge belt of lustrous and soporific gas which was deadly if too long inhaled. The theory is that this gas escapes from fissures in the rocky bed underlying the sea at varying distances from the coast line. The fact however remains, whatever the source of this gas may be, that nobody has thus far succeeded in crossing the fatal

barrier except shipwrecked voyagers. It is indeed the influx of these unfortunates that keeps us in touch with the progress of the outworld—though unable to communicate with it."

"We will now hear from Doctor Remington," our tutor interposed, "concerning the evolution of its government."

"The government of Jaxland," responded the disciple of Aesculapius, "was at first openly despotic, reacting into radical democracy and by degrees becoming more and more republican; with the increased redundancy of its wealth, however, the government became more positively despotic—in spite of republican pretensions. The truth did not seem to dawn upon the people that financial anarchy could not reign without despotic authority, and that what the laws did not openly grant, would be secretly appropriated. Underneath the beautiful veil of liberty could easily be seen the glittering mail of financial autocracy. Wielding an almost unlimited patronage, which it was free to employ in either bribing or intimidating men into support of its measures, it could well laugh at all restrictions upon direct bribery or upon direct intimidation; nor durst its puppet press cry 'stop thief' at the real culprit. It could even laugh in its sleeve while outwardly frothing at the mouth over attempts to regulate the methods of its robberies—regulations that were to restrain commercial while sanctifying the greater evil of economic plunder.

"Plutocracy, standing behind the throne of governmental authority, had neither polities, religion nor principle. It was a wealth-sucking leech on the body of industry—exhausting and deadly. Bred in

the filthy pool of commerce, it had neither soul nor character; it was a leech. Once in a while it lifted itself up to the plane of philanthropy, but the days in which it went forth as Jekyl were the exception—and Hyde played Jekyl so much that it ceased to be safe to trust either. As like as not your extended hand would be badly bitten. Plutocracy could never keep its greedy hands from the power funds of social trust. The filth of its commercial anarchy was traceable in every domain of organization, however lofty its purpose.

“Wealth in ancient times bought armies and often governed nations; and why could not modern wealth do the same—hiring political troops, and through their support wielding the truncheon of political authority? Starving men with nothing to do readily attach themselves to any standard, and such have been the mercenaries who have supported power-seeking adventures in all ages. Change but the sword for the ballot, and presto—you have your feudalism back again. Put your billionaire dollars in place of Caesar’s legions; and Red Cross in place of Rome; and all your statutes forthwith spell the will of Caesar. You may girdle the earth with a rainbow spelling the golden rule; but while you spell license in your fundamental laws it will only ornament a rule of steel and blood.”

“Mr. Burton I see wears a cheerful smile,” our instructor facetiously remarked, “perhaps he would like telling us how the vast accumulations of wealth affected the industrial development of Jaxland.”

“There was no pact or voluntary contract in the silent trust of capitalism,” begin the former labor leader. “It rested solely upon the license permitted

the capitalist to short-job the market and thereby evade competition in bidding for labor. Capital was manifestly the greatest of all trusts—in fact the mother of all trust power—limited only by the endurance of its slaves. Simultaneous with each act of abstention went the correlative deprivation or dispossession of the consumer, made thereby proportionally more dependent on the loan of the abstainer's accumulating surplus or its use in some form of borrowing—whether as tenant or employe. As previously said, the market for capital was only limited by the ability of the dispossessed to support it; and as a natural outcome, its accumulations were injected into the fields of commerce and industry in the form of a vast redundancy of enterprises, which, through their repellent attitude toward each other, absorbed an enormous superfluity of capital and diverted an incalculable amount of labor from productive pursuits. The increase of capital, instead of lowering the cost of their operation, rather enhanced it, in proportion as trade became more fragmentary—a condition to which redundancy tended and which was not corrected by the custom of exacting the highest prices possible, by division through inheritances, by the continuous influx of fresh capital or by the increasing birth rate of wage slaves.

“The whole trend of capital was to withhold expenditures until profits were assured—a result in the end forthcoming as the consequence of the concurrent increase in the amount of abstention. The employment of men and the service to commerce were merely incidental accompaniments

to the exaction of profits; and these exactions always left industry more impeded and dependent than before. In seeking outlets, every avenue and means of impeding industry and mulcting it through the power of impediment was sought—not for the love of impeding trade, but for the love of profits. Whatever commodities or necessities it could control on a basis offering profits it would purchase; every privilege, right of way, or strip of land, whose possession could be used to withhold necessities—subject to usury,—were eagerly bought. Business enterprises of all kinds, franchises and stocks in corporations, were sought and purchased at prices based on the amount of the profits they might enable the owner to exact. Money was borrowed and credit extended for the exploitation of enterprises, as well as by consumers who borrowed and resorted to credit out of sheer necessity,—due to insufficient employment and insufficient wages.

“The support of all this vast redundancy of capital, with its multiple profits and multiple reproduction costs, and with its enormous diversion of labor to repellent and non-productive occupations, was no small burden to heap on the shoulders of the consumer, and was bound to absorb the cream of the benefits accruing from the concurrent increase in material production due to the influence of science and education.”

“In order to realize how repellent these vast accumulations were,” Mr. Blake here interposed, “we will listen to Mr. Rusk, who will inform us of its action in relation to lands.”

## LANDS.

“In granting titles to lands,” I responded, “the government had failed to make any distinction as to the purpose for which they were to be used. It was not asked whether they were to be tilled by the purchaser, or merely retained for the sake of the profits that might be extorted for their use from those otherwise excluded. This privilege was an altogether unique manner of rendering extortions and restraint of trade lawful, which, according to fundamental principles of law, were manifestly unlawful.

“The titles to land thus recklessly granted seemed to be founded on the idea that services rendered, or a price paid for them, justified their extortions as a reward for the investment—a theory that would also justify murder, if only a price were paid for the privilege. That the purchase money was a fugitive currency evading the redemption of products, and a subject for confiscation rather than reward, was of course overlooked. In effect the granting of these titles put a further premium on abstention by allowing investments in the forestallment of access to lands. It resulted in shutting men out upon all sides, either being driven into the wilderness, economically and socially ostracised, or else compelled to pay tribute to the land owner.

“The license embodied in land ownership thus worked immeasurable injury, scattering people over the country in the most haphazard and unreasonable manner. This was directly due to the unlimited graft held by the land owners, who vied with one another in asking as high sales and rental prices as their locations would permit,—thereby leveling to the prospective buyer or tenant all the inherent dis-

tinctions that should otherwise have determined his choice of location. Every advantage being offset by proportionate advances in the prices charged, locations were all reduced to one level of desirability and looked alike to either tenant or buyer. This inevitably led to the most extravagantly promiscuous distribution—scattering population helter skelter, twixt utter isolation and the meanest congestion.

“Through speculative land ownership the habitations of men were as capriciously scattered, as if shaken out of some monster seive. Every hamlet, town or city had from its infancy grown in this desultory manner, spread out in defiance of distance—the citizens ever mumbling and grumbling about the exorbitant taxes, yet never giving utterance to a syllable of complaint against the colossal tax imposed by this scatternalia. Think of compelling everybody to go by foot, by rail, or by other means, over the long stretches of inferior walks and drives; to be subjected to cartage, freight and expressage costs; to be plagued with countless delays and annoyances; to provide the various road and street improvements over a stretch of territory five times as long as would under a proper distribution have been needed. Think what this vast extravagance of distance means and the great increase in the number of middlemen it imposes, taxing producer and consumer both, on everything passing between the farm and the city homes and factories.

“Taxing the average landowner far more than the amount of revenue he derives from it, how much greater burden is this tax upon those who have no revenues to counteract its burdens! Scarcely one in twenty land owners profits by the ownership. Seat-

tered about so unreasonably, they dwell in houses resting veritably upon stilts,—requiring the tall ladders of extra distance or extra improvement taxes to be climbed, before they can be reached. Coming and going, it is all up or down the long stairs of superfluous distance separating shop and farm. Everything that went or came had to travel the frightful ups and downs—the superfluous distances, registered in stilted bills for fares and freights, for gas and water and sewerage, for street and sidewalk paving, for telephone service and in fact for everything that went upon the table or in the household; for whatever middlemen had to contribute towards these extravagances was well charged for in the prices of merchandise. And what of the thousands maimed and murdered by the lax patrol of these vistas of distance—the railroad and other accidents by flood and field—a frightful bill hardly to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

“Was ever a greater delusion than these land values, unless it were possibly the cargoes of fool’s gold once sent across the seas in the belief that the glittering rocks contained the precious metal? While the average landowner derives some revenue from his land it may be regarded a very poor compensation to set against the heavy tax; and as long as the system imposing the tax is in operation he may content himself with his revenue and flatter himself with the delusion that he is netting a balance justifying the value placed upon his land.

“The utter absurdity of this land rapacity bears indeed a humorous resemblance to the fashion in vogue in my country in the middle of the nineteenth

century, when an approaching crinoline would drive the courteous gentlemen pedestrian into the gutter."

"Very good, Mr. Rusk; Captain Clark will now tell us what he knows concerning business investments;" and Mr. Blake added, "he probably knows



Diminutive Land Grabbing.

some facts concerning the treachery of the sea of commerce as well as of other seas."

"The free and unlimited mintage of capital in the commercial arena," observed our nautical friend, "let loose great torrents of wealth to engage in a general battle for supremacy,—one man's wealth against another's. It was a battle in which little mercy was shown. As in gladiatorial combats, its

victims soon passed from view, while those victorious were constantly paraded before the public eye as successful men and multi-millionaires. Glitter, pomp and splendor dazzled the eyes of the people; for even the gladiators of commerce had to smile lest their credit and their nerve fail them; and safety always compelled a man to put on an appearance of prosperity, and to hide the load of debt and difficulty under which he staggered. Such was the seething conflict into which came pouring a constant stream of newly recruited capital—all seeking remunerative occupation—man arrayed against man; village, town and city each against the other; and section against section,—throughout all Jaxland. The very brain and brawn of the living was crowded out by dead surplus wealth.

“Surplus wealth forced its way into the commercial arena as capital, whether there was really need of it or no; for commerce was a divided camp; and capital forced itself upon the warring merchants, Hessian-like, going to one’s rival to be used against him if he failed to avail himself of its service. It was altogether mercenary,—going to the highest bidder, constantly intensifying the severity of the conflict, and involving in its moil the working man whose only merchandise was the labor he had to dispose of.

“In their craze for supremacy the rival merchants dispatched whole armies of trade-seeking emissaries to intercept the demand for commodities, the control of which enabled the exaction of profits. Profits represented the remainder left after the wage earner had been shortweighed on the fraudulent demand and supply value scale; and in order to

gather the biggest share of this undelivered remainder the mercantile world dispatched these hordes of drummers, canvassers, hucksters, fakirs and what not, all tramping and traveling at enormous cost up and down the land, from house to



Trade-Seeking Emissaries.

house, from town to town and from hamlet to hamlet, duplicating each other's paths by the score, and all exerting themselves to the utmost to secure a trade which became only the more fragmentary and costly as their number increased.

"Come high as it would, no establishment could safely evade this necessity. Little trade would come to them of its own accord; for not only were men everywhere actively engaged in forstalling it, but

other trade-coaxing devices were also being resorted to, particularly advertising,—applied in a thousand and one different ways, including the use of newspaper space, music, costly signs, show windows, fairs, and many other devices—all combining to heap burden upon burden upon the shoulders of labor,—the final paymaster.

“The universal practice of taxing industry all the traffic would bear was a leveling system in business as well as in land ownership. It kept alive the most uneconomic little store by the side of the biggest establishments—the incentives to true economy being dormant or only feebly aroused.

“Look at the disposition of these vast warring forces, divided into millions of antagonistic enterprises from the common peanut stand to great steamship lines and inter-continental railways—the bulk of them retail stores duplicated in ten and twenty fold redundancy and employing a twenty fold redundancy of capital, thereby taxing industry with a proportional redundancy of profits, risks, reproduction costs, and general expenses—an appalling aggregate of taxes heaped upon the shoulders of labor with the merest mite of service to represent them.

“What a motley array of petty corporalships and lieutenancies and captaincies are displayed in this most wonderful of all armies—this army of industrial undiscipline which seeks to conquer economy through waste, order through disorder, organization through antagonism and peace through antipathies! Romantic vision, this crusade of the modern knights of the golden fleece! Heavenly dream, in which all the earth and all that it contains—body

and soul—are to be made captives in the meshes of the golden fleece! Glorious knights these doughty generals of the money bag army! Disturb them not; let them dream on.

“Is it not a pity that outworld industry should be cursed with this vast cancer of redundancy, eating the flesh of industry at a thousand points—mangling, distorting, diverting, and devouring—a tax robbing it of more than three-fourths of its product as compared with despotic Pharoah’s petty tenth? Why must labor submit to the penalty of this awful drain—this prolonged torment and torture? Why must it undergo this industrial crucifixion? Is it all for the glory of a respectable green goods system of finance, and for the building up of mountains of soap bubble wealth as glittering as delusive?

“And what of the myriads of dealers in depravities of all sorts—all the mind and body debauching instrumentalities, criminalities and frauds, against which all the statutory laws seem unable to cope? Why are all these so persistent? Why, but for the reason that the strain to make ends meet has weakened the moral sense as well as the moral influence of every mastership—from the man in the pulpit, on the press, on the bench, or at any post of prominence, down to the rank and file in whatsoever walk.

“In addition to all the previous inventory of pillage and destruction through profits and wastage, the supplementary armies carrying knapsacks in place of grips, and seeking to take lives instead of orders—this vast agency for both offensive and defensive use in the battle for trade—the struggle in

which great bodies of men engage to acquire for capital more profits and to purloin jobs abroad with which to cover up the deficiencies produced at home by its abstentions—with its tax of blood and its harvest of widows and orphans, is no insignificant burden added to those I have already mentioned. Was not all this thunder of war and rain of blood mainly the outcome of the primary antagonism engendered by the insistence of the abstainer on his iniquitous privilege to steal jobs and pillage wages?"

"Mrs. Luzby will inform us," our tutor now announced, "how the system fitted men into occupations."

"Its influence in fitting people to suitable occupations was deplorable," responded the brilliant club woman, "the majority of beginners being launched into any occupation offering itself. Poverty forbid a reasonable selection, constantly forcing square pegs into round holes. Not only were they sadly misplaced but their faculties were impaired and their powers dwarfed by early overwork and improper hygienic surroundings,—often spending their days in dark and damp places or exposed to undue severity of weather, and required also to endure the full strain of the long hours exacted from adults.

"The firstlings of all opportunity were also in the hands of the wealthy who dispensed these among themselves, their relatives and their favorites. Worth was always subordinate, and unless obsequious and cringing to the Lords of Industry, was ignored and often persecuted. A silent despotism permeated all fields. Men of ability and insight who

were candid and outspoken,—particularly in matters wherein opinions radically differed, and especially matters relating to this pernicious system—had only crumbs to expect, and were often belittled and maligned in order to dwarf the importance of their words. It was a common thing for them to be ostracised and abused as enemies of society.

“The whole trend of the system was to train inferiors and to drive talent and genius into obscurity, where the faculties of men would either fail to develop, or rust unused. It put a premium upon hypocrisy, requiring monstrous falsehoods and concealments of truth to sustain in quasi respectability its low character. Many a stupid and inferior person was paid an exorbitant salary for silence rather than for actual service. A lie is ever a costly luxury, and the colossal lie of capitalism has not been supported and worshipped all these years without leaving its world-wide stain of deformity and corruption. Not in vain has money been designated the root of evil; for out of its defections has grown the tree of evil—the tree of capitalism—a spreading upas plant, whose pestilential vapors still fill the dark atmosphere of our outworld life. It needs merely the light of truth to dispel its baneful exhalations and kill the hideous plant.

“If there is much misfortune and much sin in the world, it is largely due to the vast amount of displacement and misplacement of men; for you cannot displace men without also displacing manhood. Every ailment must be dealt with according to its source; that which is purely an individual trouble may be treated through the individual; but that

which is due altogether to social causes can only be remedied through social means. It is therefore not enough to preach individual morality, unless including within its scope the exercise also of social morality—effort at reform in the moral structure of society itself."

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Great Transition Era.

“I will divide my goods;  
Call in the wretch and slave;  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but toil shall have.”

—Emerson.

“Our lesson today will deal with the transformation of turbulent Jaxland into the peaceful millennium of our present Temploria.”

With the above words Mr. Blake announced the subject of our next class meeting, after which Mr. Oswald was called on to explain how the change began.

“The new epoch had its beginning in Aurosia,” cheerfully responded the young Missourian, “at a time when Jaxland was prostrated with a severe attack of industrial depression. Aurosia was a prosperous, newly settled state, whose properties had fallen largely into the hands of non-residents. The alienated holdings caused a constant outflow of currency in the payment of interest and dividends to the non-resident owners; and when these non-residents failed to reinvest this outflow it gradually drained the channels of Aurosian currency until it stranded most of her enterprises.

“Drained of her currency, the wheels of Aurosian industry were gradually blocked as if the power had somehow been shut off. There was soon a great dearth of work in the shops, and a superabundance

of idle men in the streets. By and by the fever of hunger began to gnaw and agitate, and the super-heated steam of popular wrath began to escape like sparks from a fire-spitting cloud. It was a sullen cloud, black, ominous, and full of dark forebodings.



Idleness Is Busy.

The state had been forbidden by law to issue credit currency; yet no provision to relieve such a situation had accompanied the prohibitory enactment; and the Jaxland government was crippled to absolute impotence.

“What was poor Aurosia to do? She could not rely on this will-o’-the-wisp currency which had clearly deserted its post as circulating medium.

“Deeply the Aurosians pondered over the situation. They traced the flow of the currency, and

asked themselves why it did not return to Aurosia. For the first time now they noted that its return was purely optional, and that it should have been compulsory. They soon reached the conclusion that money is and should be nothing else than a medium —a constantly movable and rotating medium, and not a merely optional redeemer of its credit on products. Products must become fully as redeemable in money as money in products; for the purpose of money was to facilitate and not to impede the interchange of services. Upon that basis they proceeded, and it was not long before the scheme of Centrism was devised.

“No time was now to be lost; and before a month had passed every adult in Aurosia had been provided with a purse containing a hundred centrets and a hundred dollars in Aurosian currency. Centry was also given to business institutions, which were allowed an amount equal to one-month’s payroll. New currency was also issued until its volume equalled that of the centry, and the old was gradually redeemed by the general government, but without giving centry in return.

“The joint use of centry with money deprived the money of all those objectionable defects inherent in credit currency, and obviated the charge of violating Jaxland law. Further investment in properties for revenue-yielding were also prohibited as evasions of product redemption.

“Out of the valley of industrial death Aurosia now arose as from a trance, her markets shielded from the suicidal throttling of Jaxland abstinence and no longer terrorized by its fickleness. Soon the forges of industry were all blazing away till the light

of the new prosperity radiated in every countenance and upon every hearth.

“The boom in Aurosia differed from all previous eras of prosperity. There was no speculation in the moil of its activity. Stocks and lands seemed perfectly stagnant, rather tending to decline, while



Prosperity Arrived.

legitimate industry in all branches was stirred to its utmost capacity. Wages rose at a much faster pace than the prices of products, while interest, rents and profits were falling; and pay rolls greatly exceeded the volume of the immediate popular expenditures, leaving an exceptional margin for the acquisition of homes and productive plants. The doors of opportunity had been opened—gates of an earthly para-

dise of possession—and the multitude came pouring in to secure their inheritance.

“Shops and factories ran full blast, many being unable to keep up with the orders pouring in from all sides. From factory to store, and from store to household, the products of labor fairly flew—filling larder and wardrobe, and bringing into the home devices for comfort and convenience, as well as beautifying adornments.

“The capitalist was now obliged to give centry in order to take in his customary revenues; and he was unable to obtain centry except through expenditures for commodities. This brought into the market a demand for commodities largely in excess of the former volume, simultaneously with the property investments of the people supplying them with the surplus revenues needed for these property purchases; and through the surplus labor demand, it simultaneously enhanced the price of labor and greatly facilitated the acquisitions. The process of capitalism was now merely being reversed, and the depletion of the people being stopped. It seemed as if it had been the capitalists who were being depleted; but this was far from the truth, for as said, it was merely the restoration of normal conditons and the arrest of further capitalistic depredations.

“Property investments were meanwhile confined to non-profit enterprises; and as few people had sufficient money for such purposes, and the capitalist had an insufficient store of centry, such sales were usually made on long time, the purchase price being smaller in proportion as the time was extended. It was worth a premium to help preserve

wealth for those who could not immediately use it and had no other legitimate method available for its preservation.

“A striking feature of the day was the universal conversion of the tenant into a home owner, the employe into a proprietor, the idler into a worker; and in thousands of channels; non-productive into productive labor.

“Such a piece of industrial magic as Aurosia presented had been undreamed of. The capitalist rubbed his eyes, wondering whether he was asleep or awake. Little did it occur to him that the previous state of affairs had also been a piece of magic—dark and awful magic—by which a handful of men had been enabled to gather as their own what all the rest had produced. Prior to this, the capitalist had been the sleeper—the dreamer—and he was now for the first time awake.

“In Jaxland the depression was meanwhile gnawing her very heart strings; and but for the approach of a near election, Centrism would no doubt have been as peremptorily inaugurated there as in Aurosia.

“Reports of Aurosian prosperity now caused all attention to be directed to the new system, and a large number of centry clubs were organized, spreading the gospel of Centrism, preparatory to forming a political party through which to promulgate the issue until victory should be achieved. The majority parties, being controlled by capitalists, naturally opposed the movement, while a minority party—already committed to the cause of industrial regeneration—undertook to pledge itself to the task. It thereby won to its ranks myriads of recruits from

workers in all stations and gained followers so rapidly that election day closed with Centrism triumphant.”

“Now let us hear about the behavior of Centrism in Jaxland,” our tutor resumed. “Perhaps Mr. Rusk will supply us with this information.”

“Following the introduction of Centrism,” I responded, “came a revival of industry similar to that which had awakened Aurosia.

“A striking feature of this era was the enormous increase in the demand for labor in all fields of legitimate production, coupled with a remarkable diversion of effort from redundant and trade-diverting occupations into channels of direct production. Getting orders became quite a different thing from getting the goods with which to fill them or the labor with which the commodities were to be produced. The volume of unsolicited trade was now so great as to absorb the capacity of most manufacturers. The result was that employers soon realized the folly of paying for orders that they would be unable to deliver. A single solicitor also would now often take more orders in one day than previously in a week. As a result a large part of the money previously applied to the getting of trade was now added to wages as an inducement for more help—for a man’s trade now depended on the number and quality of his help. The bulk of those previously engaged in soliciting and allied pursuits now also found more lucrative employment in direct production.

“Owing to the more severe competition in the getting of help and the getting of goods, the smaller dealers of all sorts were obliged to seek other occupations or else consolidate; for now only business

that was organized on a large scale and well managed could pay the prices necessary to meet the advance in wages and in prices of goods. Real competition had at last set in—the test of getting as close to cost as possible—the cost of service as dictated by the most economic *union* of consumer and producer instead of that resulting from their reckless separation. Obliged to give entry now with all his sales, and excluded from acquiring these through capitalistic investments, competition compelled the merchant to limit margins according to the value of his actual service—a test he had also to meet in view of the fact that his clerks were now acquiring the necessary surplus with which to embark for themselves in co-operative cost stores.

“The barbarous and lavish display indulged in by the former retail merchants became a thing of the past; and now very small stocks were carried, in conjunction with elaborate lines of samples. Goods were usually wanted as fast as they could be procured, leaving them no chance to accumulate upon the store shelves and become stale and shopworn while waiting for customers. The dominant idea in these stores was no longer to dazzle and bewilder the customer, but to deliver the most effectual service. The expenses of brass bands and show windows were dispensed with, and better light, heat and ventilation supplied to clerks and public; and both public and clerks shared the benefit of the economies as well as the better service.

“Instead of having to assume the hazards and extra outlays involved in the giving of extensive credits, the dealer was now paid far in advance—buyers not only aiming to secure an earlier registry

and delivery of their orders, but also to receive the centry through which they facilitated their further employment. They liked to keep a good stock of centry ahead just as well as money, preferring them—as long as the money was applied to things they needed. The centry thus proved to be the most accomplished salesmen commerce had ever known, and perhaps the greatest of all labor-saving devices. Differing however from all other such inventions they, instead of accelerating abstention, gave it its final quietus.

“With all the advantages accruing from consolidation and from the reduced volume of the mercantile stocks to be carried, and the saving in rents and general expenses wrought by this change; with a reduction both in interest rate and volume of capital required; with the enormous outlays formerly expended in efforts to get trade fairly obliterated; and with the losses incurred through the giving of credit and the assumption of all sorts of competitive hazards eliminated, an incalculable saving in the interest of better wages and lower prices had been achieved. Managers also earned more than before, all grades of work being better rewarded. The extravagances which were good management under commercialism, were utterly superfluous under Centrism.

“Accompanying the gradual rise in wages, capital was fast losing its grip—both the margin of profits and the interest rate steadily falling until not only the zero mark was reached, but until a bonus often as high as five per cent. was paid for the return in full of the amounts borrowed. This applied to non-profit investments. It represented sur-

plus wealth which the owner was not ready to use and which he could not store in any other way without greater loss. Men who owned excessive wealth which it would take years to consume, netted very little out of their excess portion, for in twenty years it would eat itself out in cost of preserva-



Wages Upward; Profits Coming Down.

tion. As it was they preferred selling such properties on long time without interest and at figures that were low in proportion to the time covered. They thus received all and much more for it than it was worth as a surplus product. Under capitalism, *labor* had been made largely a surplus product, for want of distinguishing between consumer and abstainer, and it had suffered gross undervaluation.

“In the meantime, the large surplus funds accumulating in the hands of employes; the smaller volume of stocks required for business; the help of prepayments and liberation from the necessity to give credits; the far greater ease of getting business, and the greater difficulty profit-making establishments had in securing employes; all these influences combined to enable employes to acquire, usually through purchase, establishments of their own operated on the cost basis. Controlling their own labor, they now had control of the situation, and by degrees the co-operative stores entirely superseded those run on a profit basis.

“Curious institutions in the shape of centry banks now came into existence to accommodate the needs of persons wishing to sell properties who were short in their supply of centry. It scarcely concerned the general public, the shorts having to pay the longs interest in money or centry for their use, varying from five to ten per cent. per annum. People often availed themselves of these banks when saving with a view to some exceptionally large future expenditure.

“In order that the change might not cause any hardships to persons who were unable to work, whom the benefits of the system could not directly reach, the government provided liberal annuities for them. Provision was also made to convert the properties of dependent widows and orphans into government annuities on a basis that would prevent them from suffering loss through the downfall of the profit system. A widows and orphans annuity contract was also provided, purchasable at rates calculated by skilled actuaries, so that such benefi-

ciaries of insurance might avail themselves thereof; and steps were also taken to unify all insurance companies and associations under one management, levying a uniform rate such as would cover the cost of the current death payments from year to year and would exclude none from the benefits,—a condition impossible to private associations and feasible only under governmental or united management. The percentage of bad risks does not vary much in the whole body of society, but a single company accepting them would repel the good and draw the bad ones, to its inevitable ruin. The insurance was also made compulsory in a minimum amount proportional to each man's earnings. The protection to the widow and orphan should be universal and not confined to a limited number.

“Through the use of centry commerce was thus completely revolutionized and reduced to a rational simplicity and a degree of freedom and reliability in striking contrast with its former delusive and ensnaring tyrannies.”

#### MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS.

“Will you tell us now, Mr. Burton,” our tutor asked, “what effect Centrism had upon the manufacturing industries?”

“It ended the career of monopoly prices,” replied the Bostonian. “Competition had previously been merely spasmodic, seldom penetrating below the level of the prices dictated by abstinence-born monopoly. Centrism was destroying the source of monopoly, its prices sinking gradually to the level of cost. The sham competition of capitalism was giving way to the real competition of Centrism which

drove profits to zero and raised wages to the full measure of production. Monopoly prices accompanied with spasmodic competition had scattered trade promiscuously from one end of the land to the other, obliging each competitor to cover ten fold the territory needed, and to reach ten fold the number of dealers; this was mainly due to cutting prices and meeting competition mainly at remote points in which they were at a disadvantage to their rivals. When the accelerated trade produced by Centrism found them unable to fill orders, and caused buyers to press for precedence, it at once became apparent that further expenditures in the getting of trade could be almost entirely curtailed, and that more expenditures must be made in the getting of operatives, the number of employes being an absolute limit to the amount of trade to be handled. The getting of orders counted for little; the getting of help was everything. The wage worker was king, and wages went on rising as the evolution proceeded. What trade the manufacturer had lost in remote regions he more than regained in contiguous trade surrendered by remote manufacturers, thereby greatly reducing the circle of territory to be covered without any loss in its volume.

“Accompanying these changes a large number of operatives organized co-operative establishments, finding good locations in interior regions where—within an ample radius—they had every advantage over competitors, being able to acquire lands at nominal figures and to deal direct with the farmer for their household supplies. Many of these migrated from the larger cities, relieving much of their congestion and also helping to lower the exorbitant rents

and land prices. These establishments were also operated on the cost basis, as required of all new establishments; and these, owing to the fact that operatives were rapidly acquiring surplus funds, superseded the profit establishments.

### EFFECT ON CITY LANDS.

“The effect upon the prices of city lands,” said Mr. Carson in response to another query, “was to produce a gradual decline, continuing until nothing was left of the former values but the improvements.”

“That was a strange phenomenon. Can you explain it?” was asked.

“I will endeavor to do so,” the former steel magnate responded. “When all further investment in lands for speculation or for revenue-yielding was debarred, two factors helped to prevent a rapid annihilation of land values. One was the fact that the advantages for social, shopping or manufacturing utility inhering in their particular localities had not been altered; and the other was the fact that the multitude now began to accumulate large funds which were applied to the purchase of homes and sites. These funds were soon utilized in forming home-acquiring associations, in which each contributor became a proportional stockholder, and through which they began to acquire suburban acreage upon which to erect homes in groups. By this method of operation they were able to occupy *settled* localities affording advantages they could not otherwise have secured except at much higher purchase prices. Not only did they effect a large saving thus in the purchase price of the land, but they were able to

build in this manner at a decidedly lower cost. As these groups increased in number, and as congestion was being relieved by emigration to country districts, they reduced the prices of both rents and properties in the cities, gradually driving them to a point at which no value was left, apart from the improvements, and the cost of their perpetuation was all that remained incorporated in the rents.

“A similar fate overtook business lots and business rents. This was due to the elimination of the smaller middlemen and to the reduction of the redundant and excessively large stocks carried by merchants, now requiring less room; and the fact of no longer being so dependent on locality for the getting of business, also facilitated the fall in these rents and prices.

### EFFECT OF THE FARM.

“Miss Oswald will now enlighten us as to the effect Centrism had upon the agricultural interests,” Mr. Blake now announced.

“Upon the farm, as in other industries, Centrism inaugurated a better state of affairs,” responded the fair socialist. “The wages of farm labor rose responsive to the general advance in the price of labor, by degrees approximating so nearly to the gross returns as to leave but little for the proprietor apart from the enhanced value of his own labor and superintendence. The mere fact of owning lands made little difference in the net returns. They netted more for their produce now than ever before, for their trade was becoming constantly more direct—the consumer depending less upon the middleman’s credit, and the number of middlemen being

greatly reduced; and the purchasers had also now more means than ever with which to buy. The passing of the middleman far more than compensated the conversion of profits into wages; it not only enhanced the net earnings of the farm, but enhanced both wages and superintendence in a still greater degree. Thus, as I have already said, the mere ownership of lands was netting constantly less and less.

“Accompanying the elimination of profits, land values naturally began a downward course, proprietors selling small tracts of their surplus acreage at low figures—its tillage with hired help no longer having the attraction it formerly had; intensive farming and the breeding of superior grades of stock also stimulated this tendency. As a consequence, many farms remote from markets, on which a bare existence was all the reward labor met apart from the expectation of a rise in the land value, were abandoned in favor of these small tracts nearer to markets. Others from towns and cities migrated to these tracts; and as these regions naturally became more thickly settled and the cost of improvements could be divided between a larger number of persons who also had more surplus means at their disposal, it brought many material improvements, in roadways and walks, in water, heating and lighting facilities, in sewerage, in rapid transit lines and in numerous other conveniences. The labor of construction and maintenance of these improvements, together with the accession of manufacturing plants from the cities responsive to the greater facilities promised by the improvements, brought producer and consumer into still closer touch, and by its larger purchasing power lowered the cost of the service

in the local cost store. The farmer could now buy cheaper and sell dearer than ever before; but he was not doing it at the expense of a half or quarter paid hired help."

Thus, from remote regions inward, and from congested districts outward, a vast redistribution of population had begun, impelled by individual interest and controlled by healthy economic relations. Its result was in time to completely remodel both city and country, locating people at the points of greatest productive economy.

In the cities the elimination of land values removed one of the most stubborn obstacles to the progressive enhancement of the design and utility in the alignment and grouping of its structures.

The elimination of land values also removed one of the foremost obstacles to co-operative farming, which eventually came into vogue and finally altogether superseded isolated effort. Isolated farming had held its own merely at the expense of its unpaid hired help.

Both in city and country homes were now built in groups that co-operated in varying degrees, out of which gradually evolved our present templism with its specialization of all branches of housework, some of them performed by males.

## CHAPTER X.

### To Edenize the Outworld.

"Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, the world will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it."—Carlyle.

Ever since the inauguration of Centrism the Templorians had felt a serious longing to communicate the glad tidings of its success to the outworld. All their endeavors, however, to penetrate the soporific barrier had unfortunately proven futile, and often disastrous. The last experiments attempted had been a series of tunnels bored at a great depth, designed to emerge upon one of the numerous islands lying beyond the impenetrable belt. A single one of these tunnels, opening from a place in the suburbs of Red Cross, was still in progress of construction at the time of our advent,—the others having long been abandoned, and the project regarded as a forlorn hope.

Imagine therefore the excitement and furore occasioned when the report one day came into circulation that a practical outlet had been achieved. It is true the bore of this tunnel would require considerable additional work before it would be fit for practical use, but the union of the two worlds was nevertheless regarded as an accomplished fact.

The whole city now became one blaze of uproar; and as the reports were confirmed and the momentousness of the event dawned upon men's minds it thrilled their hearts with an indescribable joy. All

Temploria was roused to a pitch of the utmost enthusiasm. The daily journals everywhere made the event conspicuous through mammoth head lines—something unusual to their style—and their columns rang with notes of jubilant glee. All day long cannon boomed, trumpets resounded, and thrilling music filled the air along the parkways and in the temples. All places were thronged with joyous multitudes, and all work and business was set aside in favor of merriment and festivity.



The Millennial Symbol.

The effect of the news upon the Falconers was indescribable. It so completely turned our heads, we acted like school children dismissed for a holiday. As the wilder excitement subsided, our enthusiasm found further vent in an irresistible impulse to return to our native land bearing the message of Centrism.

Prompted by this spirit, our class was soon resolved into an organization we called the "Modern Crusade," and in our zeal for the cause we began at once to discuss all phases of the project, not overlooking that of securing passage on the first vessel to make the voyage. Frequent meetings were thereafter held, and our interest in the cause was never permitted to lag. We even designed an emblem in

the form of a balanced scales enclosed within a circle formed of alternate coins and centry, which symbolized the unbroken continuity of trade, and full-product values. This was to be the symbol of the millennial era.

### IMPERATIVE NEED OF CENTRISM.

Mr. Burton urged the need of Centrism in the United States as a check upon further financial depression. He charged the vacilating state of its industries to its inefficient currency, its redundant capital and the contamination of its wealth with a vast body of worthless surplus products and empty credits—the latter based upon profits to be derived from labor as yet unperformed. No wonder the goose that laid the golden eggs proved a delusion whenever opened for inspection to see if its enormous value was really inside.

Whenever society is able to dispense with law and maintain order through the innate righteousness of man, then also perhaps will it be able to belt the wheels of commerce with hot air strings and with this phantom chord, keep them moving in regular and continuous rotation. But until that day arrives will its chimerical mechanism be constantly running amuck. It wants a more substantial belt than childish confidence. There must be no broken cogs in its mechanism; but cog against cog—centry against money—job orders in return for commodity orders—must reciprocate the transfer of commercial force into a ceaseless rotation. Nor is its alchemy to conjure up any swarms of capitalistic harpies, in the guise of service, to forever gnaw at its chords of life. It must purge itself of delusions

and break through the crust of its dark insanity. Its imbecility and darkness are not a perpetual doom; they are phantoms that will vanish at the awakening,—at the parting of the true from the false.



Widow's Mite Is Not Spared.

In the vortex of ruin which capitalism,—by its successive depressions—precipitates, oceans of wealth shrink and melt into vapory mist, while the sacred hoards of plutocracy—stored in money, bonds and mortgages,—appreciate in purchasing power. Not even stored labor, though coined into material substance, is exempt from the flames of shrinkage. They are subject to the same immutable

law that refuses to impart value to labor in the absence of demand for its product. Even the widow's mite is devoured by the remorseless flames, which know no discrimination except for the hoarded money and mortgages of the modern miser. The blind holocaust of financial depression knows but a harsh equality; and the hollow eye of hunger does not separate the just from the unjust.

Let no man delude himself into the thought that mere banking laws will prevent the recurrence of these plagues visited upon our industrial Egypt. Deeper than the banks lies the cause of these terrible visitations. Is not the Israel of Labor in bondage today to the modern Pharaoh? Well then for the modern Pharaoh to let his Israel go—to set this people free—to restore to them the full measure of opportunity belonging to freemen—to consume his surplus wealth and beware lest it continue to bind the arms and brain of industry with its insidious chains! Were the banks ever so safe, these plagues would still beset us; for as soon as prices cease to rise begins the rush for money and its quick coagulation into hoard. Are not all the investment properties of capitalism one vast bank into which men deposit their money by buying and draw again in selling, repeating the process so often that their credits exceed their deposits twenty fold—a bank that can in no way pay out more money than it has available. When all wish to draw out and none to pay in, its doors also close—being in a remote sense the bank of all banks, and the model upon which none other can improve except in semblance, when harping on the strings of confidence.

Why should the wisdom, the foresight and the character of the American citizen expose his country to the prolongation or the repetition of such catastrophes? Why longer tolerate such criminal carelessness in its industrial organism? Why put up with an industrial fabric that seeks to sustain the



The Bridge of Confidence.

welfare of the world on a single thread of clumsy basting,—a thread whose snapping in any part of the globe will throw the entire body into convulsions —a mere thread of wax which a shadow of doubt can melt? Small satisfaction the financial wreck derives to know that the snapping thread by which he was dropped into the abyss of ruin had a golden tinge! Small satisfaction is it to the penniless man to know that the invisible coin had not been melted in the fires

of dissolution—that each blessed gold piece was still sound and would reappear with merry jingle in the industrial resurrection that was to come!

Why should a civilized nation—a nation claiming to be Christian in spirit—neglect the property of the consumer in the opportunities his consuming creates—a property on whose recognition the property of the product of his hand and brain—his wage—depends? Why not give *all* property its due protection, and not merely one form—the bulk of which is composed of the fruit of predatory plunder? Is not a man's wage his property? Why then should its pillage be tolerated, and property be made of the very plunder torn from it? What sort of title can there be to acquisition obtained without effort of hand or brain—obtained through the pillage of other men's labor? Is it merely this questionable form of "property" for which the solicitude of the law is to be invoked and its strong arm raised?

### HOURS AND PRICES.

Doctor Remington rejoiced in the fact that Centrism would allow men full liberty to work as few or as many hours as they chose—no man's hours preventing his neighbor from enjoying the same liberty. The man who would work more hours must consume proportionately more and therefore cause a proportional increase in the amount of work available.

The same freedom would also apply to the price at which a man offered his services, since the amount of labor he could possibly offer would be limited by the amount of his consuming. His cheaper labor could not substitute that of others, and therefore could not affect the labor of others detrimentally,—

on the contrary enabling them to buy necessities at a lower figure. By the use of centry all trade was obliged to comply with the test of balancing, and goods offered at low figures meant what they said. They could not be worthless surplus products, or



His Centry Measures His Market.

virtual gold bricks, which like thefts may be a gain to the individual, but which, like mutual thieveries, would be mutually disastrous.

Every man was to be guaranteed a market as large as the amount of his consuming—a market he could expand or contract according to his will, and one also that no one else could invade. To whatever

race he belonged, oriental or occidental, whatever his color, creed, previous nationality, sectional or other distinction, he stood upon a pedestal of independence that was not to be shaken. His full measure of opportunity and his full wage were equally inviolable.

### REFUGE ZONES.

Mrs. Luzby believed that through the deflation of land values ultimately ensuing new territorial alignments would result, leaving vacant large tracts that would become available for special colonization or as zones of refuge for classes seeking to escape odious environments. Such tracts would also offer means for various experiments of a scientific or sociological nature.

### THE CRUSADE FOR CENTRISM.

"The first step in our crusade," remarked Captain Clark, "will be to conduct an educational campaign in behalf of Centrism, distributing literature, delivering speeches and utilizing every possible manner of demonstration by which to attract attention to the cause.

"We shall particularly appeal to the President and to Congress, inviting attention to the defects of our currency and the abuses to which it subjects the workingman, as well as the complications with foreign powers threatened by arbitrary defense of our markets. Abstention is indisputably a restraint of trade, the remedy for which is in the province of Congress to apply through the institution of an ample currency system. The unrestrained counter-

feiting of values to which the present currency subjects the consumer, as well as the danger of financial catastrophe in which it places the nation, makes it imperative that early and prompt action be taken. It is not necessary for Congress to delay until the last embers of the financial holocaust have been extinguished. Its powers are defined, and in the face of necessity, are imperative duties. It is not necessary for it to wait until the thunder of the popular will drive it to action. The rumble of that thunder is already echoed in the powers assigned to it and the duties incumbent upon it. Let it not turn a deaf ear to the cry of humanity whose call began from the clouds of Sinai, from the Mount of Olives and from the Declaration of Independence, demanding justice and the privilege to pursue unmolested the blessings of life, liberty and happiness. Congress need not wait for further instruction. So far as in its power lies, its plain duty is to regulate trade, and as a sentinel, to guard it against all unrighteous restraint and all catastrophe that can be prevented.

“The appeal to Congress will not preclude any state government desiring protection to inaugurate at home the system of Centrism, since neither centry nor money, issued to operate inseparably, can by any manner of strain be construed as a bill of credit.”

### POPULAR REFORMS.

Regarding projects of municipal or government ownership, it was deemed inadvisable to consider them apart from the proposition of Centrism. They particularly cautioned against the steam power railroads which they thought obsolete and doomed to be superseded. The tendency under Centrism would be

toward short hauls and short trips, and the demand would be for frequent and regular trains as well as a degree of cleanliness such as would attract instead of repelling residence, along the way. Aside from these facts, these giants would be shorn of their iniquitous power under Centrism and would cease to menace the integrity of government.

As to trusts, these also would be shorn of their power for evil, the longer Centrism was in force. The trust is merely a gnat bred in the slough of capitalism, and the right way to slap it is to drain the slough. What a deal of quibbling there is over the manner in which our dear wage earner is to be fleeced—whether by a visible four-ounce-to-the-pound supply and demand value scales, or by an invisible one—apparently an arbitrary dictation of prices, but nevertheless one profiting mainly out of salvage derived by obviating redundancy in methods. Its dictations are seldom if ever absolute; for it has to contend with the ghosts of dead rivals threatening to materialize, new rivals seeking birth in the accumulating redundancy of capital, the ghosts of reduced demand, importations, substitutes, and lastly even confiscation in the event of glaring offenses. You may kill open competition, but not the ghosts—the invisible forces that arise out of the depths of capitalism and persist in the deadly, suicidal tendencies inherited from mother capital herself and which will keep on asserting themselves as long as the mother evil lasts.

It should be borne in mind that back of the trusts is the greater evil of capitalism; and back of this evil is the freedom of repudiation, or privileged hoarding, whose derangements, throttling industry,

make even capitalism as a rule preferable. No amount of moon-baying fury nor of arbitrary suppressions, will much avail, unless hoarding itself is checked; and nothing short of Centrism will effectually do this.

As to the project known as Single Tax, by which taxes were to be withdrawn from all other forms of property and imposed upon lands, this was demonstrated to be futile, merely scotching the snake, but not killing it or materially helping. Land ownership is merely an objective—a receptacle for the accumulating funds of capitalism, but far from being the only receptacle. Were this receptacle closed, redundant loans and material capitalistic investments would simply multiply the more. The license of abstention, which is the source of monopoly, would not be checked,—its outlet being diverted but not stopped; for land is economically but water, and this substantial barrier to production is but the shadow of monopoly—the real barrier being the possession of the means by which to purchase it and the opportunity through which its purchase price as well as other requirements to industrial independence were to be acquired.

### HISTORY REPEATED.

In the temple of modern industrialism capital is the money changer defiling its sanctuary. What is to be done with this sacrilegious intruder—this abomination of desolation?

Will this ungainly behemoth recognize his utter unfitness there—the pollution of his presence in the sacred precincts of this temple of life? Will he retire peaceably and becomingly? Or will he intrench

behind the wall of his financial power and convert it into a barricade of absolutism? Will he engage in intrigue to precipitate foreign war, and seek under the protection of foreign power to extend his base dominion? Will he possibly take refuge behind the methods of Russian despotism and repeat the blood-curdling atrocities that gave birth to the second French empire?

Failing to meet the charges involved in Centrism, the efforts of the capitalist to perpetuate the system would make of him an abettor of thievery and crime. His offense would no longer constitute a mere blind struggle in behalf of a faulty and erring system, but a deliberate and willful act—a crime no less odious and culpable for its insidious method, its gigantic proportions or the hoary antiquity of its parentage.

There can be no doubt as to where the majority of capitalists and their apologists will stand. They will repudiate conscious and voluntary brigandage. Great wrongs can only thrive where a realization of their existence is either totally absent or very much obscured; but when the wrong is made so overwhelmingly palpable as in this case, honorable men will part with its company. They can afford to lend it neither countenance nor support.

The identification of capitalism with property is no longer tenable. The very antithesis of property, its acts are one succession of aggressions upon the opportunities of men and the products of their labor. Nor is capital longer to be identified with either industrial or social order, being a source of endless strife and discord—a vein of destructive antagonism coursing through the arteries of commerce like a

stream of venom. It can lay no possible claim as either a courier of progress or a harbinger of peace. Blockading industry at every step, it acts as a deadlock upon an incalculable volume of the world's latent vitalities, and is forever pitting man against man and nation against nation in bloody and pitiless conflict.

Capital in commerce is the essence of anarchy—a perpetual rebellion against industrial law which, were it knowingly and willfully persisted in, would put it upon no higher plane than border lawlessness.

For ages the industrial world has lingered in the dark shadows of this borderland, the outskirts of a new order—an order dimly foreshadowed by the prophets of old and by the great minds of all ages; and now, as the light comes breaking through its cloudy canopy, the message can be clearly read bidding adieu to its long reign of power and plunder. The flaming sword will no longer exclude mankind from its inheritance. The inward gate has been located, and through this gate humanity will triumphantly march into its nobler paradise.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Where Art Thou, Adam?

“We are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India’s prehistoric clay;  
Whoso drew the longest bow,  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
As we run men down today.

—Kipling.

Mr. Carson was the only member of the Falcons not in full accord with the purpose of the projected crusade. He had joined the Modern Crusade, not for the sake of spreading its gospel, but in order to facilitate the recovery of his former millions which now stood in the foreground of his thoughts. A regular attendant of their meetings, he differed with their views and motives, unconsciously acquiring a strong and positive aversion to Centrism as his prospective affluence became more assuring.

Upon one occasion, nevertheless, hearing the American protective system lauded as the cradle of Centrism, his former ardor as a protectionist was aroused, drawing from his lips an unqualified endorsement of the Temporian system. “Protection,” said he, “was the first movement to repel spurious surplus products. It recognized the displacement of labor through the admission of spurious products and the delusion of their cheapness. It rejected the price standards of foreign markets,—clinging rather to its own standard, derived from its larger measure of available opportunity. It challenged the pro-

priety of buying by price only, and it treated the home market as the property of the nation; and time has demonstrated the wisdom of its conclusions."

"I admit the protective principle is the germ of Centrism," followed Mr. Oswald, "yet we must not forget that early Jewish, Roman and Christian laws, in their attitude against usury; and the lofty and broad ideals of socialism, were also torchbearers of the new creed."

"The doctrine of protection," resumed the Philadelphian, "has lifted our American industries to a pedestal of matchless glory. From the darkness of obscurity it has placed us in the foremost rank among nations. What a grand achievement! I shall be indebted to it as long as I live."

"You have reason enough to be proud of this system," responded Grandpa Zeke, who happened to be present, "but if your people wish to be consistent in their loyalty to protection, let them extend its mantle, and protect the market of each individual consumer. Let them adopt Centrism! Why should you repel the industrial venom of surplus products coming from abroad and meanwhile permit its virulent poison to be injected without restriction at home? Why also stop with a communistic home market whose opportunities are merely the *collective* property of the nation, but to which the consumers have no title proportional to their individual consuming? If it is good for the individual nation it is no less good for the individual citizen whose consuming has produced it. I would therefore suggest that you *complete* your protective system and *individualize* your home market!"

“Individualize the home market! Inaugurate Centrism! Not while my name is Joseph Carson!” the staunch protectionist vigorously responded. “Are not our people prosperous enough? There is no need of Centrism in America! Humph, I’m not returning for the purpose of dissipating my fortune; nor to spend the last penny of my half million income! I can live sumptuously on ten per cent. of it, and the rest—I can invest profitably, I guess! I’d be a fool to want Centrism. I’d simply have to spend all my income; and forbidden to place any in new investments, my properties would by degrees dissipate themselves—leaving me pauperized! It’s likely I’d advocate Centrism, isn’t it?

“What was it, by the way, the ant said to the cricket? ‘You chirped gaily in the summer while I was busy gathering stores; my stores are all in now, and I wouldn’t mind lending you a bite occasionally—whenever I can see a safe return and a little profit guaranteed.’ The ant’s reply was very good, and I make the same reply to Centrism.”

“Centrism accepts your reply,” retorted the Templorian. “You offer to *lend* products, but you forget that Centrism does not ask for *loans*. On the contrary, it requests the return of loans long overdue. You have lost sight of the music the crickets furnished while you were storing provisions. It’s their turn now to store while you return the music you borrowed. This music of consuming, you cannot deny, has a real value; it represents demand—the biggest part of value, as values go under commercialism—and having benefited from it, it is no more than right it should be returned. We are not longing to have any more debt

links added to our chain of bondage; our aim is to shorten this chain until there is nothing left of it. Remember also that this 'borrowed' music will become stolen music if its return is refused. Centrism extends the domain of the command 'thou shalt not steal.' "

"Who would consider such a wholesale dis-possession as Centrism would produce," protested the former steel magnate. "We capitalists would never give it our consent."

"You certainly do not mean what you say, Mr. Carson," Grandpa Zeke reproachfully answered. "You would not refuse consent to a project at once so wholesome and just! You would not have justice degraded into a mere instrument of selffishness—an armor to shield the nobility of wealth, but withheld from the impoverished multitudes? In past ages the multitude have been denied arms, education, liberty of thought, voice in government—every weapon of defense against their 'noble' masters—and now the weapon of justice is to be withheld, so as to perpetuate their bondage! In an age of light all crime is darker, and this one, perpetrated in the full knowledge of its infamy, were thereby made the darkest of them all!"

"Why should the glitter of gold appeal to you in the full light of its iniquity and shame—never again to become a badge of merit or distinction until Centrism make worth and wealth synonymous? Do you really believe the liberality, charity and other fineries with which you surround your immediate self can stay the finger of accusation pointing to the poverty, the crime and the bloodshed directly

chargeable to the system you would support and from which your fineries are derived?

“Look at things as they really are, and not through the false light by which they have been seen in the past; ask yourself whether it were better to be dispossessed of a tainted affluence,—but not pauperized as you put it,—or to be dispossessed of all respect and manhood?

“If you consider it an affliction to part with this unrighteous privilege, what language shall define the horrors to which the multitude has for ages been subjected under your system of merciless and *real* pauperization! Imagine a world-wide dispossession in progress from day to day, from year to year, from century to century! A maddening dispossession that stripped the workingman to the very bone,—that corrupted his soul, that hounded his life with indescribable misery and wretchedness!

“Consider the economic situation: Opportunity, the key to God’s household, in the hands of the abstainer; and no man permitted to enter without the price of admission—the pound of flesh. What else were the profits exacted but so much flesh—living flesh, imbued with soul and dripping with blood—a reality and no mere metaphor! What else were those margins of profit but bricks of the house of possession—bricks that were to keep the body in flesh, the mind informed, the soul cheered. They were bricks of liberty if retained,—but if parted with, death and bondage. And these bricks had to be sacrificed as the only alternative to exclusion as outcasts, starvelings, tramps!

“Seemingly harmless and beautiful, the smiling serpent of abstention was a dragon from whose

body, as from the fabled hedgehog, poured myriads of invisible little daggers of dispossession. Onward advanced this smiling but terrible monster—this irresistible battery of daggers which no man saw but which all men felt. Onward strode the devouring beast, more powerful than all mankind. Onward sped the bristling monster, like a conqueror, driving all before him! How it drove men, pell mell, into a whirl of rout and confusion and into a bitterness of strife in which they tore one another to pieces! It was indeed a rout of shame—a rout of madness!

“Shorn of opportunity, driven by the relentless fury of this pauperizing monster, they one by one, and each by piecemeal, lost what little they had of home, of shop, of wares—laboring through the generations that went and came, as in a treadmill, in which they slaved and slaved and made delusive progress. All they had the routed multitudes flung to the winds in their flight of despair and abandonment, parting not alone with wealth but with character, self respect, manhood,—even to the last vestige of human semblance,—leaving their thousands spoiled to the nakedness of beasts!

“What answer could these mortals have given, had the call come from the Lord, ‘Where art thou, Adam?’

“Aye, where art thou? What art thou doing to stem the tide of rout? What doing to defend thy Eden? Hast let into thy garden the serpent of abstinence with his lying tongue, false cheapness? Hast listened to him? Hast tasted of his fruit—loans, hired homes and hireling jobs, hired roadways and hired public utilities? Hast worn these gilded fetters? Hast been down upon thy face worshipping



The Dragon of Industry.

the serpent of abstention—the god of mammon? Craven souls, what answer shall ye give when the call again comes, ‘Where art thou, Adam?’

“Will you answer, saying, ‘Lord, all is well; we have seen no serpent in the garden. We are not living in the nakedness of dispossession.’ Will ye lie to Him with the shamelessness of the serpent? Will ye deny the rout—the deadly stampede of blinded selfishness in which ye trample over one another like beasts, every tie of brotherhood rent—a divided being whose visionless hands pluck out his very eyes? Will ye seek to hide from heaven the nakedness of your status, fallen to the uttermost depths? Will ye still deny the division of your house and the flight of dispossession?

“Ah, my friend,” the venerable speaker resumed after a pause, turning to the former steel magnate, “the disinheritance of mankind is quite a different dispossession from that which would be imposed upon outworld capitalists by Centrism. They would not be sent adrift as outcasts; they would not be rendered homeless, nor left encumbered; they would not be severed from opportunity,—a prey to starvation. They would be merely transferred from an atmosphere of delusion into a world of reality—a world not of extremes, but of healthy prosperity and honest thrift. In the dignity of manhood and self respect they would stand as far above their previous selves as an honest man towers above the level of the thief! What becomes of the boasted charity of your wealthy citizens, if restitution, which should precede charity, is to be denied? Where shall they stand hereafter, coming into court for protection to their property, yet denying protection

to that of others—yea, with the taint of their falsely-acquired wealth still clinging to them? What interest will a denuded multitude have in lending their support to laws making flesh of the rich man's wealth and fish of the poor man's wage?"

"Were the evils of abstention but half as bad as you have painted them," the Philadelphian coldly protested, after some reflection, "I would be ready to concede the wisdom of putting Centrism in force. In my judgment, however, there is little need of them in my country; a poor man there is always able by thrift and enterprise to rise to the pinnacle of wealth."

"Every poor boy in our country," replied Mr. Oswald, "is said to have a chance to become president some day; but you'll agree it wouldn't be very wise in him to barter away any political rights for that chance. Do you think it were wise in the working classes to forego the two-thirds or three-fourths of the wage they are now losing, for the sake of one chance in a thousand of acquiring a fortune. I would rather advise them, if they wanted fortunes, to invest in a lottery and thus win them more honestly and with less delusion than by such thrift. The thrift, that carries in it theft of opportunity, cannot be cozened into respectability. Let the workingman have what is due him; that is all he asks—were it even *less* than his fathers had before him."

"I can see clearly," Mr. Carson finally admitted, "that we capitalists would have a poor case to take into court; and yet, on my return to the out-world, I dare say, I'll try to bluff it out. Nothing succeeds like success; and I've seen more than one poor case successfully pulled through the courts. I will very likely simply keep cool and hold the fort."

“You are at liberty to hold the fort if you desire to,” indignantly retorted Mr. Oswald, “you may go on sowing dragon’s teeth; but when they crop up,—each separate tooth an armed warrior bent on destruction,—on whom will be the blame? You may go on sowing the seeds of repulsion—injecting your thousands of toll gates along the highways of human necessity, excluding all who refuse your tolls and driving them into the byways of wasteful isolation. You may exclude the multitude from free co-operation, and with your sharp wedges of ejection sever all the bonds of affiliation—driving man from man in every field of occupation and along every phase of existence—rending, dwarfing and distorting every faculty of mind, every organ of the body—building up one vast overgrown abnormity of both individual and collective development,—all weakened and diseased and deformed. You may continue your man-killing and nation-killing devastations as in the past, inscribing on every page of history the skull and cross bones of your piracy! You may fill the earth with the tombs of buried nations, and lead on,—fettered in chains of bondage,—your paralytic survivors, whose anaemic industrial bodies have other causes than capitalism to thank for their prolonged existence. But for periods of respite gained in new and not yet capital-burdened lands; but for the undercurrent of progress, impelled onward through science and education—but for these, and other mighty resistances to low standards, the suicidal influence of capitalism had long ago swept this earth like a devouring pestilence, leaving it one vast burial ground of desolation.”

Reflecting afterwards upon the remarks I had overheard, I was perfectly horror stricken. The thought of the millions in the outworld eking out a wretched existence in the slums was sickening enough; and the wrangling hell of war and strife, of overwork and worry, and gnawing disappointment,—what an appalling array of separate tortures these added to the load of woe this groaning Atlas had to bear—a burden so full of horrors that the human eye sees but its shadows, and keen imagination dares but hint at them.

Not labor, not honest sweat, had been Adam's curse. These are natural to man's happiness; they belonged in Eden. But the outcast status—to labor by permission, seeking place upon cringed knee, in the sweat of strife,—with his hand against his brother to decide which shall trample, which be trampled on; which work, which starve in dispossession—the rack of this ignoble status, this was Adam's curse.

This was the curse. The tempter had come to our first parents holding to their gaze the apple of loan—the fruit of abstinence,—which was the forbidden fruit. The serpent told them it was good. They had not yet learned to doubt. In their innocence they were blind, and they partook of the accursed fruit. From that moment, by imperceptible degrees, the fair garden began to fade—its charm, its abundance, its security, its innocence—and then also division and dissensions arose—strife, bloodshed and agonies untold. The sky frowned ever blacker; dark clouds shot swift arrows of hate into man's bosom; and the battle of the ages began to rage till the rivers ran red with the blood of a million Abels. Lo, the broad vistas of Eden were being

encircled by the serpent, and the earth had no longer room for the children of man. The human family had become accursed wanderers—homeless, fatherless, Godless. Godless indeed, with every man's hand raised against his brother. Well indeed might the call be made in this day of our nakedness: "Where art thou, Adam?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### Homeward Bound.

"Men of thought! be up and stirring  
Night and day;  
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—  
Clear the way!  
Men of action, aid and cheer them  
As ye may!  
There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into gray;  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way."

—Mackay.

Without waiting for the enlargement of the tunnel an expedition was organized under command of Captain Clark to explore the region of its outlet upon Outworld Island, which was to become the gateway between the two worlds; and no one felt more thankful than myself on learning that my offer to join had been accepted.

It was a long and arduous journey, having to drag our luggage through this narrow aperture, and not only being obliged to stoop all the way, but suffering terribly from the foul atmosphere within. All our distress was nevertheless soon forgotten, after emerging into the fair daylight, where the crisp air, the crimson glory of a semi-tropical sunset, and the exercise of our cramped limbs, seemed to refresh all our energies.

Not twenty yards from the spot at which we had emerged was a fine stream by the side of which we pitched our tents, retiring at an early hour. In the morning, scarcely having been allowed sufficient time to fairly gulp down my breakfast, I was required to join our chief in the ascent of a peak overlooking the camp. We were to locate a place up there for a signal station from which to hail passing vessels.

The upward journey was naturally circuitous, but on an easy incline,—our worst difficulty being to force our way through the dense tangles of brush and brier. Here and there we passed through beautiful glades shaded by stately palms, under whose friendly shelter we frequently lingered to recuperate our exhausted limbs. At intervals, when in range of the camp, we would signal to our comrades below, whose responses were a welcome sound in the awful solitude of the region.

Delicious wild fruits, grapes and berries were occasionally encountered, and thousands of monster rabbits infested the brush, one of whom caught by my companion in the fork of a notched stick had afterwards followed us quite a distance, like a pet dog. Birds of brilliant plumage were also in abundant evidence; but I do not recall a single songster.

Ascending to a great height, far beyond signalling distance, we turned a sharp curve, upon which the Captain raised his field glass, and after some effort, managed to sight the camp.

“By Jupiter!” he suddenly exclaimed, “they’re hailing us to come back. What the deuce can they mean?”

Then a pistol shot rang out, and was followed by another; and then several more, until the hills echoed with their reverberations.

My companion handed me the glass, and as I gazed in the direction of the camp, I could see the whole crowd rushing toward the mouth of the tunnel.

What could it mean? We were both at our wit's end to account for their strange action. It certainly boded no good.

The Captain took another glance, only to confirm what I had seen.

"Shiver my timbers!" the old salt exclaimed, "I believe something has hapened to the tunnel, and something very serious; or else they would have waited for us."

By the time we had each taken another look through the glass, not a man of them was to be seen.

Instinctively, without another word, we both started to go back, recklessly tumbling and sliding down many a steep declivity to shorten the distance.

Arriving finally at the camp, our worst fears were realized,—a note tacked at the door of our tent informing us that a leak had been discovered in the tunnel. The latter was in danger of flooding and complete destruction in less than three hours unless in the meantime a permanent repair should be effected.

I was about to start on a rush for the tunnel when my companion caught me by the arm.

"Hold on, Ben," he cried, "what d' ye mean flying into that death trap!"

"We don't want to be marooned!" I exclaimed, endeavoring to tear myself away. "Why not save ourselves?"

"We'll be more likely to save ourselves by remaining right here than by flying into that hole. As

to being marooned, this place isn't so bad—with food plentiful, and as lovely a spot as one could well imagine. Besides, if the tunnel's gone up, we're on the right side here to reach the outworld with Temploria's message."

I made no further attempt to enter the dark hole of the tunnel, and well enough for me; for about an hour later, a pebble thrown into its depths resounded with a splash that told the whole story. The underground passage was flooded. We were now doubly marooned, exiled from either world—doomed possibly to remain here for the rest of our days. Who could tell.

We arose in good spirits nevertheless on the following morning, resuming the ascent so abruptly terminated on the previous day. The erection of a signal station was now more than ever imperative. By evening we had already located a favorable spot for the station, and we felt greatly relieved when we threw ourselves upon the ground to enjoy our night's rest.

Returning to camp on the following day, we cached the bulk of the supplies and commenced carrying the remainder in installments to the station on the summit—a task occupying the best part of a week.

Settled down finally in our new quarters, we went to work with a vim, gathering a store of firewood and cutting down timbers for our signal station, whose plan my companion would not divulge.

I worked faithfully under his orders nevertheless, assisting him in what ways I could. Five pairs of tall poles had first to be set up in a row, facing the sea,—no easy task with the limited facilities at

our command. Under the Captain's direction, however, with the aid of tough grape vines in lieu of ropes, we managed by a slow but gradual process to set in place the bulky timbers.



Our Distress Signal.

After the poles were up I had the pleasure of watching my companion interweave the portion of space between with leafy branches, his work by degrees acquiring a sufficient completeness to reveal the formation of distinct alphabetical letters. The letters "H" and "L" were the first I could decipher; and soon after the letters of the word "HELP" appeared, formed as legibly as if it had been chalked out on a wall. There it stood, the word "HELP" in bold capital letters, their base elevated

about four feet above the ground. Back of it the ground sloped upward, leaving a nearly level strip on which to light the bon fire that was to illuminate and attract attention to it. That word was to be our first message to the outworld. Would it ever attract the passing mariner's eye? And should we be finally saved, how about that greater message—the torch of Centrism—that was to cast its rays upon the dark waters of the sea of commerce? Would the beclouded and despairing mariners upon that sea heed the dangerous rocks and be piloted by Centrism?

We had a beautiful outlook from our lofty eminence, with the unbroken expanse of sea upon one side, and on the other,—looming up in matchless splendor,—the vast wall of luminous vapor that separated Temploria from the outworld. Like massive ice cliffs they towered aloft, blending with the skies in a strange radiance that capped the blissful island like a crown of glory.

While my nautical friend was completing his ingenious device I was busily engaged starting an immense bon fire on the elevated strip of ground back of it; and as its broad blaze afterwards shot up high in air, its glow thrilled me with joy and hope.

What vessel could pass without reading that single eloquent word! It's four letters spoke volumes, communicating to the passing vessel the fact that this was no idle bon fire built for savage festivities but a cry of distress from a party of Anglo Saxons.

From the hour the great blaze began to flicker we kept on feeding our "baby" as we dubbed it, never ceasing to add armful after armful of combustibles; and this task kept us both so busy there

was no time left for worry or anxiety. From morning till night and from night till morning we took turns at this work, to which we soon became thoroughly habituated.

Several weeks drifted by in this manner without the first sign of a ship. One night, I believe it was in the fourth week, while my nautical friend was on guard,—as usual feeding the “*baby*” and alternately gazing seaward as he paced to and fro,—it seemed to him as if the outline of a vessel were dimly visible. The hour was just before dawn, and while staring intently to further assure himself, old Sol came quietly bobbing up, his great candle exposing the vessel so distinctly that doubt was no longer possible.

Overjoyed at this revelation, he ran forthwith to the tent where I was lying asleep; and shaking me up most unceremoniously, he went on shouting and prancing as if possessed.

The suddenness of my waking startled me, and the sight of my companion carrying on like a wild man served only to intensify my bewilderment.

“A ship! a ship, Ben, we’re saved!” he cried at the top of his voice; and he kept on repeating the words as if he had gone daft.

As the meaning of these words dawned upon me, a great thrill of joy filled my heart and I rushed out, determined to see for myself.

By this time it was clear daylight, and the vessel was plainly visible to the naked eye.

It was now my turn to lose self control; and I flew at once into the Captain’s arms, hugging and whirling him around in a wild dance over the rough sod.

Clearer and clearer grew the outlines of the approaching vessel, and as we took turns soon after in glancing through our field glass, we could discern a boat that had been lowered,—a mere speck on the horizon,—heading for the shore.

Without a moment's further delay we now started on the downward journey; hurrying along at a breakneck speed; performing acrobatic feats and odd stunts we would never ordinarily have dared to risk, and finally arriving at the beach just as the small boat was pulling in. We waded out to meet it, and were soon being borne onward toward the great ship.

To make a long story short, we were taken safely aboard the British steamer "Huxley," bound for Liverpool with a cargo of Australian wheat.

The captain of the vessel at first flatly refused to believe our story; and not until we had gone over all the details of our experience, explaining the magic of Centrism and describing the wonderful facilities of templism and the unique features of Red Cross, would he give our words any credence.

My companion fortunately had friends in Liverpool from whom we secured the means of return to New York, where our arrival had been anticipated through Liverpool dispatches,—taken by wireless prior to our landing there, and cabled to New York on the same day.

My parents had already given me up for dead, and their joy may be imagined—first on receiving the news of my rescue by the "Huxley," and afterwards on greeting me as I stepped ashore.

With what eagerness the old folks listened to my narrative, now nodding approval and anon shaking

their heads with doubt, at its strange incidents. On explaining to father how Centrism had dissolved the old order,—completely eradicating capitalism,—he seemed staggered at the revelation. His mind was in a strange quandary, shocked at this reversal of all previous experience, yet able to interpose no rational objection to its truth and consistency. Doubt the achievement as he would, its clear philosophy soon dissipated the last remnant of fog lingering in his mind, and his repugnance was soon turned into an unbounded enthusiasm in its favor. He even went so far as to maintain it was the only salvation for modern society.

One of the first things I did after my home arrival was to visit the scene of the labor fracas to which my remarkable adventure was due. Strange to say, no one in the vicinity seemed to recall that singular event. Even the whereabouts of Margaret was a mystery I was unable to solve until on the second day of my search, when I accidentally stumbled upon her settlement home,—now deserted. Through neighbors I was directed to her place of residence, learning also to my chagrin that she was confined there in the last stage of consumption.

Calling at the residence, it was only after considerable persuasion that I was permitted to see her. A pale, emancipated woman with flushed cheeks, regular features and a pair of singularly sparkling blue eyes, greeted me, modestly apologizing for not rising to meet me.

Reciting briefly the incidents of the memorable clash between the rival labor factions, I introduced myself, asking her if she could still recall the incident.

"Yes, yes, I remember;" she quickly responded, "were you there?"

I thereupon narrated the sequel to this incident —telling how I had been injured by a flying missile, my revival aboard ship and the delirium in which I had witnessed squads of workingmen parading with



I Tell My Story.

banners calling for "A Hundred Jobs for Every Hundred Men."

"Oh that your dream had been true!" she exclaimed with a fierce earnestness. "That getting of the full hundred jobs is the real quest of labor's knighthood. There should be a job for every man; and until there is, there will never be a full wage."

She remained silent for a while after the exertion of this speech, and then resumed, confiding to

me her sympathy for the scheme of socialism which in her opinion was some day to be perfected. Believing thus, she had devoted herself to settlement work and had urged upon the working classes the quest for the full hundred jobs, warning them not to allow their energies to become completely absorbed in the strife for the poorly paid thirty they now had.

Margaret had evidently no idea of Centrism, whose fundamental principal her keen intuitive judgment had anticipated in her call for the full hundred jobs.

On relating my Templorian experiences and detailing the features of Centrism, her countenance assumed a wonderful radiance; and raising herself from the pillow, she gazed at me with a rapture I had never before seen in mortal face. Every word and sentence she seemed to weigh as it came from my lips, with marvelous apprehension.

To my surprise after I had finished, she rose from her couch, and grasping my hand, fervently thanked me for the good tidings.

“Though I shall not survive to witness the glories of the coming social resurrection, my brother,” she resumed, reclining once more upon her pillow, “the light of my life shall not go out like a ship sinking in the midst of storm and darkness, but as one entering upon a pleasant voyage, in the full fulgence of day. My soul will take wing gazing toward the heaven of that higher plane foreshadowed in your message—a new environment for humanity—a new soil for that great tree of which we are as the leaves and in whose greater life our lives are truly made immortal.”

"You evidently believe in the unity and the eternity of life?" I interrogated.

"Life is a great pendulum, beating across the eternities;" she resumed, "back and forth, back and forth it swings—twixt waking and slumber, formation and dissolution, parting and reunion, life and death—one eternal coming and going, accompanied with endless rounds of lights and shades—joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, hope and despair. No extreme but reacts; naught leaving but returns. In the pathway of voluntary activity there is but one guiding star—the light that leads onward, upward—toward growth, expansion, progress.

"I do not know what is your belief, my brother, but to me our here is yesterday's hereafter; and tomorrow will be the hereafter of today. We are the same life remoulded; and although individual connection with past beings cannot be traced, are we any less the likenesses of those who have preceded us—composites of the self-same attributes, the same affections, the same vision and impulse, given the same flesh and moved by the same heart throbs—differing less perhaps than the self-same mortal passing his journey from infancy to ripe age? Can we strain our fancy to embrace as one being the tiny infant, the prancing schoolboy, the stalwart adult and the bent and shrunken graybeard, and yet stare blankly at returning friends and lovers because the grave and the mask of place and time intervene to hide their identity? To me every love and every affinity, is the resurrection of a former love, and there is no break in the chain of life or love. I revere the dead most in honoring the living; for the living are the dead, whose lives are carried forward through

the living. Nothing dieth but to be born again, even as the dead planets are absorbed to the living ones; and so in all life the living absorbs the dying and the dead. Like the circling orbs of heaven we meet again in endlessly repeated cycles, and it is our own fault if we fail to greet the new loves as the return of parted ones.

“Rightly we are dual creatures, each a distinct but inseparable part of the one body that is mankind, the immortal man; and living this dual life, feeling with and responding to the collective as well as the individual impulses—living the life of the all-self that is humanity as well as the individual self, the fullness of our life as well as its immortality will be realized. If we do our part, striving for the good of all as well as for the good of the narrower self, believe me, no grave will e'er seem narrow—no night seem dark.”

Deeply impressed by the remarkable views of this woman, I remained silent, wrapt in contemplation—the patient meanwhile, fatigued by her extreme effort, sinking gradually into a profound slumber.

Calling again upon the following day, I was shocked and sorely grieved to learn that our heroine had passed away in the early hours of the morning, having been delirious much of the time. In some of these spells she had fancied herself addressing hosts of workingmen, urging them to strike for “the full hundred jobs.” “Strike, I tell you, strike!” she would cry out in the dead hours, “Strike at the ballot box, for Centrism; for a hundred jobs to every hundred men!” These were her last words.

Two days later I attended the funeral and saw laid away the remains of this heroic woman, martyred in the rescue of fellow beings whose lives had been warped on the rack of modern commercialism; and then I asked myself how many more martyrs this monster will crave. How long will this minotaur continue to ravage the earth?

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day I began again to mingle in the bustle of outworld activity; and how strangely now a baneful gloom, as of some new thraldom, seemed to darken my horizon. The atmosphere of my surroundings boded an' indescribable but awful change. I felt as if somehow plunged centuries and centuries back into some dark age in which one had to grovel and stoop, constantly dodging and hiding in order to escape its daily downpour of abuse. Did I really belong here, where people would stare at me and look askant at each candid expression of my thoughts or sentiments? How they would whisper and wink with knowing looks, and keep at a distance, as if I had been an escaped lunatic. How many thoughts I had to conceal to avoid misinterpretation and abuse and to obviate the waste of my faculties in petty strife!

With all its frivolities, its dominant note was sad and depressing—its faces dark with anxiety, worry, despair and weariness. The great majority rushed hither and thither as if driven by a relentless fate. No man was behind them, yet whips—ever so invisible—were impelling them on as truly as ever lash fell upon the back of a slave. Shop windows and all exposed surfaces on the streets

seemed to be placarded with appeals pitifully imploring attention. Behind the eloquent posters and between their lines I could detect men down upon their knees, and not poor men either,—begging for trade, so as to secure as profits the portion of value which the short-value wage scales of commerce failed to deliver. I could almost hear the mad bull bellowing of the successful and the groans of the defeated competitors in this gladiatorial business arena. Seldom I opened a newspaper but to be confronted with glaring head lines booming with the roar of cannon and lurid with the flash of cursed death missiles being poured into God's temples of human flesh. Over these murders no coroner sits; no nation asks for accounting, and the voice of the press is dumb with impotence. The heavens themselves are silent; for whatever evil is in man's power to remedy he suffers justly, while the evil lasts.

What is to be expected of thrones resting on the hunger for unearned revenue and the thirst for unearned dominion? Even the throne of public opinion, the press, is a commercial kite—a barometer of affairs registering only the pressure of the monetary atmosphere, and therefore degenerated into a mere handbill and slave of a corrupt commerce. When the public ear dare not believe half that is said by the public tongue—its own heart beats drowned in the clamor of hireling notes—it is an ominous token.

Every day, wherever I chose to go, I met humanity dragging its chain, scraping, fawning, begging—from early morning till late in the night—all going to market to dispose of their services, without a centret to show—with no more claim upon the op-

portunities they had brought into existence than had the slave upon the products his labor had brought into existence. Degraded into dependence, men were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire—drifting whither chance led, impelled alternately by hunger, by despair and by the *ignis fatuus* of wealth.

A keenly sensitive man, unless in some manner especially gifted or favored—and not always then—had no more place under its unsocial roof than had the white laborer in the ante bellum South, where common labor was all done by slaves. The sensitive man, like this white laborer, was simply relegated into industrial exile—as one of the “poor white trash” of modern commercialism.

I heard men in turn groan over their helplessness and anon jest and trifle with the very causes making them so—treading among serpents—indifferent, cold, blind—and alive only after their own blood is infected and their own flesh agonized by the reptile fangs. Is it not time humanity were roused to see the hell raging within itself? Is it not time the flame of the narrower selfishness were smothered—that humanity shook off its cuckoo snake—this devouring monster still coiled around the quivering sweat fowl of industry? Is it not time the soul of humanity were awakened to its shame—to realize the dreadful stain upon its name—the brand of slavery? Is it not time to cleanse itself of this vile sin and prepare for the resurrection—yea, for the coming of the kingdom?

\* \* \* \* \*

How I sighed for Temploria—Temploria, that mist-encircled realm forecasting the prophesied

messianic reign—that fairer world in which the rack of poverty, the depravities of vice and the butcheries of war are unknown.

But for the hope of a new *Temploria* I could not have endured the shocking conditions that prevailed—so painful to me, after my sojourn in that distant land of the millennium. I should indeed have sunk in despair but for hope's candle peering through every cloud—heralding the near approach of God's kingdom.

The darkness of my surroundings was in reality a dream, whose hideous image was soon to fade in the light of the approaching day: for *Temploria*—the potential—is the real world, ordained to live long after the present order has disappeared in the gloaming of history's night.

The creeds of the world adhering to the old order and combating progress at every step—holding their faces ever backward turned—shall all petrify like Lot, dead monuments of disobedience to the bugle call of God's creative march.

It matters not where I go or whither I turn, I can see *Temploria*—a queen of beauty, mounted upon the eternal rocks and glittering in the pure light of truth and justice—the sun of the coming day—resplendent to all but evil eyes and owlish ignorance. She rests upon no false pillars of privilege and unbelief. Her sword is justice, and her church is truth. Her people walk erect, proud men,—humanized—no longer creeping ape-like, nor leaning upon the crutch of blind authority.

The grand edict, the decalogue,—forbidding theft and murder,—proclaimed a fundamental and wide-spread liberty—the liberty of each man to live

and to enjoy unmolested the fruit of his own industry. Not from the clouds of Sinai speaks the Lord today, but from the great heart of humanity, re-asserting His command, "Thou shalt not steal." Thou shalt not steal; nor veiled by indirection, rob thy brother of either opportunity or of bread. Nor shalt thou starve thy brother, goading him to strife and bloodshed; nor shalt thou wantonly, in the name of law, destroy thy fellow man. The name of the law shall not be used in vain.

Behold, the blood-bespattered Babylon of modern mammon—that hoary empire spewed from the mouth of hell—still thronges her upstart rulers; still reigns through stealthy scepters; still crowns power above law!

Woe to her dynasty! Woe unto her reign!

The secret of her sorcery is revealed: the mask torn from her lying visage. The fountain of her darkness has been brought to light: the source of all her mockeries—her empty titles and her shallow crowns, her bloated gods and stilted palaces—all the deceptive sheen and glitter of her pomp. Her bubble of false glory has been burst—her day-masked darkness swept into the bosom of oblivion!

For lo, the end is nigh! Again is the writing upon the wall—the final verdict:

Mene. Mene. Tekel. Upharsin.

Thy kingdom is ended. It hath been weighed, and found wanting. The judgment is upon it.

(FINIS).





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